



M.P. Crutch Scul.

For pointed Satire, I would BUCKHURST chuse  
The best good Man, with the worst natur'd Mng



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K. Dillon (W.) Earl of Roscommon

POEMS  
ON  
*Several Occasions.*

By the EARLS of  
ROSCOMMON,  
AND  
DORSET, &c.



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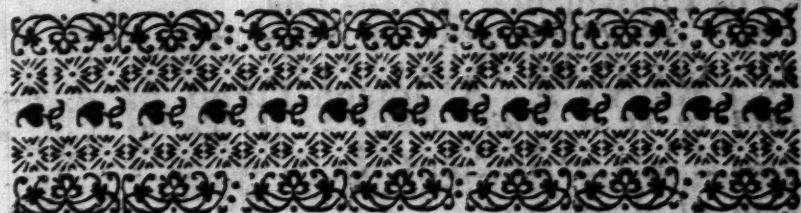
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S O M E



SOME  
 ACCOUNT  
 OF THE  
 Earl of *Roscommon.*

By Anthony à Wood. †



ENTWORTH DILLON,  
 Earl of *Roscommon*, Son of  
 JAMES Earl of *Roscommon*, (who was, when young,  
 reclaim'd from the Supersti-  
 tion of the Romish Church  
 by the Learned and Religious Dr USHER,  
 Primate of Ireland, and thereupon was sent

† See *Athenæ Oxonienses*, Vol. 2. Pag. 840.

by him into England, as a Jewel of Price, to be committed to the Care and Trust of Dr. GEORGE HAKEWILL; who finding him to be a young Man of pregnant Parts, plac'd him in Exeter-College, under the Tuition of LAURENCE BODLEY, B. D. Nephew to the great Sir THOMAS BODLEY, in the Beginning of the Year 1628; in which College continuing some Years, he became a Person of several Accomplishments, and afterwards Earl of Roscommon in his own Country of Ireland) was educated from his Youth in all Kinds of polite Learning.

Much about the Time that JAMES Duke of York was married to JOSEPHA MARIA, the Princess of Modena, he became, by his Endeavours, Captain of the Band of Pensioners belonging to his Majesty King CHARLES II, and afterwards Master of the Horse to the said JOSEPHA MARIA, Dutches of York; both which Places he quitted some Time before his Death.

This worthy Person was accounted most excellent in the Art of Poetry, which his Works do manifestly testify.

At length, this most Noble and Ingenious Earl paying his last Debt to Nature in his House near that of St. James's, within the

Liberty of *Westminster*, on the 17th Day of *January*, or thereabouts, 1684, was bury'd in the *Abbey-Church of Westminster*.

He was succeeded in his Honours by his Uncle **CARY DILLON**, Colonel of a Regiment of Horse in *Ireland*, in the War between K. **JAMES II**, and K. **WILLIAM III**; from which Place going into *England*, he was overtaken by a violent Disease, which brought him to his Grave in the City of *Chester*, in the Month of *November*, 1689.

 The following Poems were communicated by Mr. **RICHARDS**, formerly Superintendant of the *Theatre at Dublin*, who assured us he received them from his Lordship's own Hand.



2 M B O 9 1 2 8



P O E M S,  
BY THE  
Earl of Roscommon.

---

*The GHOST of the Old House of  
Commons, to the New one, appointed  
to meet at Oxford, in the Year 1682.*

FROM deepest Dungeons of Eternal Night,  
 The Seats of Horror, Sorrow, Pain, and  
 I have been sent to tell you, tender Youth,  
 A seasonable, and important Truth.  
 I feel (but, Oh ! too late) that no Disease  
 Is like a Surfeit of Luxurious Ease :  
 And of all other, the most tempting Things  
 Are too much Wealth, and too indulgent Kings.

None ever was superlatively ill,  
But by Degrees, with Industry and Skill :  
And some, whose Meaning hath at first been fair,  
Grow Knaves by Use, and Rebels by Despair.  
My Time is past, and yours will soon begin,  
Keep the first Blossoms from the Blast of Sin ;  
And by the Fate of my Tumultuous Ways,  
Preserve your self, and bring serener Days.  
The busy, subtil Serpents of the Law,  
Did first my Mind from true Obedience draw :  
While I did Limits to the King prescribe,  
And took for Oracles that Canting Tribe,  
I chang'd true Freedom for the Name of Free,  
And grew feditious for Variety :  
All that oppos'd me, were to be accus'd,  
And by the Laws, I legally abus'd.  
The Robe was summon'd, *Maynard* in the Head,  
In Legal Murder none so deeply read ;  
I brought him to the Bar, where once he stood  
Strain'd with the (yet unexpiated) Blood  
Of the brave *Strafford*, when Three Kingdoms rung  
With his Accumulative *Hackney-Tongue* :  
Pris'ners and Witnesses were waiting by ;  
These had been taught to swear, and those to die,  
And to expect their Arbitrary Fates,  
Some for ill Faces, some for good Estates.

## Earl of Roscommon. 9.

To fright the People, and alarm the Town,  
Bedloe and Oates employ'd the Reverend Gown.  
But while the Triple Mitre bore the Blame,

(Aim :  
The King's Three Crowns were their rebellious  
I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the Guards,  
And took for mine the B — and the *Wards* :  
Antimonarchick Hereticks of State,  
Immoral Atheists, Rich and Reprobate :  
But above all I got a little Guide,  
Who ev'ry Ford of Villany had try'd :  
None knew so well the Old Pernicious Way,  
To ruin Subjects, and make Kings obey ;  
And my small *Jobus*, at a furious Rate,  
Was driving *Eighty* back to *Forty Eight*.  
This the King knew, and was resolv'd to bear ;  
But I mistook his Patience for his Fear.  
All that this happy Island could afford,  
Was sacrific'd to my voluptuous Board.  
In his whole Paradise, one only Tree  
He had excepted by a strict Decree ;  
A Sacred Tree, which Royal Fruit did bear ;  
Yet that in Pieces I conspir'd to tear :  
Beware, my Child ! Divinity is There.  
This so undid all I had done before,  
I could attempt, and he endure no more.

10      POEMS by the

My unprepar'd, and unrepenting Breath  
Was snatch'd away by the swift Hand of Death ;  
And I, with all my Sins about me, hurl'd  
To th'utter Darkness of the lower World :  
A dreadful Place ! which you too soon will see,  
If you believe Seducers more than Me.



TO M



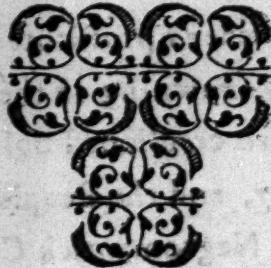
*TOM ROSS's GHOST,*  
TO HIS  
PUPIL  
THE  
*Duke of Monmouth.*

---

**S**HAME of my Life, Disturber of my Tomb,  
Base as thy Mother's prostituted Womb,  
Huffing to Cowards, Fawning to the Brave,  
To Knaves a Fool, to cred'lous Fools a Knave,  
The King's Betrayer, and the Peoples Slave. }  
Like *Samuel*, at thy Negromantick Call,  
I rise, to tell thee, God has left thee, *Sam!*  
I strove in vain th'infected Blood to cure ;  
Streams will run muddy, when the Spring's impure.  
In all your meritorious Life, we see  
Old *Taff*'s invincible Sobriety :

The

The Place of Master of the Horse, and Spy,  
You like *Tom Howard* did at once supply.  
From *Sidney's* Blood your Loyalty did spring ;  
You show us all your Fathers, but the *King*,  
From whose too tender and too bounteous Arms,  
(Unhappy he who such a Viper warms)  
As Dutiful a Subject as a Son,  
To your true Parents, the whole Town, you run.  
Read, if you can, how th' Old Apostate fell ;  
Outdo his Pride, and merit more than Hell.  
Both he and you were gloriously bright,  
The First and Fairest of the Sons of Light.  
But when, like him, you offer'd at the Crown,  
Like him, your angry Father kick'd you down.



SONG.



# SONG.

ON A

## Young Lady,

*Who sung Finely, and was afraid of a  
COLD.*

---

### I.

WINTER, thy Cruelty extend,  
Till fatal Tempests swell the Sea ;  
In vain let sinking Pilots pray,  
Beneath this Yoke let Nature bend ;  
Let piercing Frost, and lasting Snow,  
Thro' Woods and Fields Destruction sow.

II. Yet

## II.

Yet we unmov'd will sit and smile,  
While you these lesser Ills create :  
These we can bear ; but, gentle Fate,  
And thou, bless'd Genius of our Isle,  
From Winter's Rage defend Her Voice,  
At which the list'ning Gods rejoice.

## III.

May that Celestial Sound, each Day,  
With Extacy transport our Souls ;  
While all our Passions it controuls,  
And kindly drives our Cares away.  
Let no ungentle Cold destroy,  
All Taste we have of Heav'nly Joy.



ON



ON THE  
DEATH  
OF A  
*Lady's LAP-DOG.*

---

THOU, happy Creature, art secure  
From all the Troubles we endure :  
Despair, Ambition, Jealousy,  
Lost Friends, nor Love, disquiet thee.  
A sullen Prudence drew thee hence,  
From Noise, Fraud, and Impertinence.  
Tho' Life essay'd the surest Wile,  
Gilding it self with *LAURA*'s Smile,  
How didst thou scorn Life's meaner Charms,  
Thou who couldst break thro' *LAURA*'s Arms ?

Poor

Poor Cynick! Still methinks I hear  
Thy awful Murmurs in my Ear,  
As when on LAURA's Lap you lay,  
Chiding the worthless Crowd away.  
How fondly Human Passions turn!  
What then we Envy'd, now we Mourn.



ODE



O D E  
U P O N  
S O L I T U D E.

---

I.

HAIL, Sacred *Solitude* ! from this calm Bay,  
I view the World's tempestuous Sea,  
And with wise Pride despise  
All those senseless Vanities.

With Pity mov'd for others, cast away  
On Rocks of Hopes and Fears, I see 'em lost  
On Rocks of Folly, and of Vice I see 'em lost :  
Some the prevailing Malice of the Great,  
Unhappy Men, or adverse Fate,  
Sunk deep into the Gulphs of an afflicted State. }  
But more, far more, a numberless prodigious Train,  
Whilst Virtue courts 'em, but, alas ! in vain,

Fly

## 18 POEMS by the

Fly from her kind embracing Arms,

Deaf to her fondest Call, blind to her greatest  
 And sunk in Pleasures, and in brutish Ease,  
 They in their shipwreck'd State themselves obdu-  
 (rate please.

## II.

Hail, Sacred Solitude, Soul of my Soul,

It is by Thee I truly live ;

Thou dost me better Life and nobler Vigour give,  
 Dost each unruly Appetite controul :

Thy constant Quiet fills my peaceful Breast,  
 With unmix'd Joy, uninterrupted Rest.

Presuming Love does ne'er invade

This private Solitary Shade ;

And with fantastick Wounds, by Beauty made.

The Joy has no Alloy of Jealousy, Hope, and Fear,  
 The solid Comforts of this happy Sphere :

Yet I exalted Love admire,

Friendship, abhorring sordid Gain,

And purify'd from Lust's dishonest Stain.

Nor is it for my Solitude unfit ;

For I am with my Friend alone,

As if we were but one :

'Tis the polluted Love that multiplies ;

But Friendship does Two Souls in One comprise.

## III. Here

III.

Here in a full and constant Tide doth flow

All Blessings Man can hope to know ;

Here in a deep Recess of Thought we find

(Mind ;

Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt the

(Knowledge rise,

Pleasures which do from Friendship and from

Which makes us happy, as they make us wise.

Here may I always on this downy Grass,

Unseen, unknown, my easy Minutes pass ;

Till with a gentle Force victorious Death

My Solitude invade,

And stopping for a-while my Breath,

With Ease convey me to a better Shade.



A FAITH-



A FAITHFUL  
**CATALOGUE**  
 Of our most Eminent  
**NINNIES.**

*Written by the Earl of DORSET,  
 in the Year 1686.*

---

— *Quos omnes  
 Vicini oderunt, noti, Pueri atque Puellæ.*  
 Hor. Sat. I.

---

**C**URS'd be those dull, unpointed, doggrel  
 (Rhimes,  
 Whose harmless Rage has lash'd our im-  
 (pious Times.  
 Rise Thou, my Muse, and with the sharpest Thorn,  
 Instead of peaceful Bays, my Brows adorn;

In.

Inspir'd with just Disdain, and mortal Hate,

(Weight.

Who long have been my Plague, shall feel thy  
I scorn a giddy and unsafe Applause:

But this (ye Gods) is fighting in your Cause.

Let *Sodom* speak, and let *Gomorrah* tell,

If those curs'd Walls deserv'd their Flames so well.

Go on, my Muse, and with bold Voice proclaim  
The vicious Lives, and long detested Fame,

Of scoundrel Lords, and their lewd Wives Amours,

(Whores :

Pimp-Statesmen, Canting-Priests, Court-Bawds and  
Exalted Vice its own vile Name does sound,

Thro' Climes remote, and distant Shores renown'd.

Thy Strumpets, C——s, have scap'd no Nations Ear,  
C——d the Van, and P——th leads the Rear :

A Brace of Cherubs, of as vile a Breed,  
As ever were produc'd of Human Seed.

To all but Thee, the Punks were ever kind,  
Free as loose Air, and gen'rous as the Wind.  
Both steer'd thy P——e, and the Nation's Helm ;  
And both betray'd thy P——e, and the Realm.

Oh *Barbara* ! thy execrable Name  
Is sure embalm'd with everlasting Shame.

Could not the num'rous Host thy Lust suffice,  
Which in lascivious Shoals ador'd thy Eyes ;

When

(display'd,  
When their bright Beams were thro' our Orb  
And Kings each Morn their *Persian* Homage paid?  
Oh sacred J—s! may thy dread Noddle be  
As free from Danger, as from Wit 'tis free:  
But if that Good and Gracious Monarch's Charms,  
Could ne'er confine one Woman to his Arms;  
What strange mysterious Spell, what strong Defence,  
Can guard that Front, which has not half his Sense?  
Poor S——y's Fall, even her own Sex deplore,  
Who with so small Temptation turn'd thy Whore.  
But G——n bravely does revenge her Fate,  
And says, Thou court'st her thirty Years too late;  
She scorns such Dwindles; her capacious A——  
Is fitter for thy Scepter, than thy T——  
Old D——r, S——y, and M——z, know,  
Why in that stately Frame she lies so low;  
And who but her dull Blockhead would have found  
Her Windows small Descent on rising Ground?  
Thro' the large Sash they pass (like Jove of old)  
To her Attendant Bawd, in Show'rs of Gold.  
M——z, (that insolent ill-natur'd Bear)  
From the close Grotto, when no Danger's near,  
Mounts like a rampant Stag, and ruts his Dear.  
But when by dire Mischance, the harmless Maid  
In the dark Closet, with loud Shrieks, betray'd

The naked Lecher, What a woful Grief  
It was ? Th'Adultress flew to his Relief, }  
And sav'd his being murderd for a Thief. }  
Defenceless Limbs the well-arm'd Host assail'd ; }  
Scarce her own Pray'rs with her own Slaves pre- }  
Tho' well prepar'd for Flight, he mourn'd his }  
And begg'd *Acteon's* Change, to 'scape *Acteon's* Fate: }  
But wing'd with Fear, tho' untransform'd, he }  
And swift as Hinds, out-strip'd the yelling Hounds. }  
Beware Adulterers, betimes beware, }  
You fall not in the same unhappy Snare : }  
From N——k's Ruin, and his narrow 'Scape, }  
S——e on contented with a willing Rape, }  
On a strong Chair, soft Couch, or Side of Bed, }  
Which never does surprizing Dangers dread. }  
Let no such Harlots lead your Steps astray, }  
Her C——s will mount in open Clay ; }  
And from St. James's to the Land of *Thule*, }  
There's not a Whore who S——s so like a Mule : }  
And yet her blund'ring *Dolt* deserves a worse, }  
Could Man be plagu'd with a severer Curse. }  
A fitter Couple never sure were hatch'd ; }  
Some Marry'd are indeed, but they are Match'd.

But

But seeing they are lawful Man and Wife,  
 Why should the Fool and Drael live in Strife,  
 While they both lead the same lascivious Life ?

Or why should he to *Megg's* or *Circut's* come,  
 When he may find as great a Whore at Home ?

*M——e\** (who all his Summons to big War,  
 Safely commits to his wise Prince's Care)

Lords it o'er all Mankind, and is the first,  
 By Woman hated, and by Man accurs'd.  
 Well has his Staff a double Use supply'd,  
 At once upheld his Body, and his Pride.

How haughtily he cries, *Page, fetch a Whore* ;  
*Damn her, she's ugly* ; *Rascal, fetch me more* ;  
*Bring in that black-ey'd Wench* ; *Woman, come near* ;  
*Rot you, you draggled Bitch, What is't you fear* ?

Trembling she comes, and with as little Flame,  
 As he for the dear Part from whence he came.  
 Thine, crafty *S-r*, was a good Design ;  
 For sure his Issue ne'er will injure thine :  
 But thou thy self must needs confess, that she  
 Does justly curse thy Politicks and thee.  
 Her Noble Protestant has got a Flail,  
 Young, large, and fit to feague her briny Tail ;

\* He carried the Lord Peterborough's Challenge to the King.

But now, poor Wench, she lies as she would burst,  
Sometimes with Brandy, and sometimes with Lust.  
Tho' Prince, as Goats, she courts in vain her Drone;  
The Frigid he, and she the Torrid Zone.

Both Friend and Foe he with vast Ruin mauls,  
Who at first Thrust before, both Sexes falls.

Had I, O! had I his transcendent Verse,  
In his own lofty Strains, I would rehearse  
That deep Intrigue, when he the Prince's woo'd,  
But lov'd Adul'try more than Royal Blood.

Young O——y (who lov'd the haughty Peer)—  
Her Mother's darling Sins could best declare:

But to her Memory we must be just;  
'Tis Sacrilege to rob such beauteous Dust.

O W——n, W——n! what a wretched Tool,  
Is a dull Wit, when made a Woman's Eool?

Thy Rammish Spendthrift Buttocks, 'tis well  
Her nauseous Bait has made thee swallow down,  
Tho' mumbled, and spit out by half a Town:  
How well my honest L——n <sup>(known)</sup> she knows,  
The many Mansions in thy F—— House?

How often prais'd thy dear curveting T——,  
Which thou ridd'st curb'd, like an unruly Horse?

How big with Joy she went with thee to Church,  
When thou (false Varlet) left her in the Lurch?

EV'N E — r, who refus'd none before,  
 Scorn'd to pronounce the Banns with such a Whore.  
 To Paneras Tom, there such as she resort ;  
 (That + Mother-Church too does all Sinners court)  
 As she has been thy Strumpet all her Life,  
 'Tis Time to make her now thy lawful Wife,  
 That B — y's Spouse may pride it in her Box,  
 With Face and C — all martyr'd with the Pox.  
 In some deep Saw-pit, both their Noddles hide ;  
 For 'tis hard gueſſing which has the best Bride.  
 Ah Tom ! thy Brother, like a prudent Man,  
 Has chosen much the better Haridan :  
 She, a good-natur'd candid Devil, shows  
 Him all the Bawding Jilting Tricks she knows.  
 Thy Rook some trivial Cheats her Blockhead learns,  
 While he the Master Hocus ne'er discerns.  
 To Pox and Plague, Oh ! may the ſubject be,  
 As ſhe's from Child-bed Pain and Peril free :  
 Her actual Sins invalidate the first,  
 With Ease ſhe teems, and brings forth unaccurst.  
 To thee, Lucina, ſhe need never call,  
 Like ripen'd Fruit, her mellow Bastards fall ;  
 And what with needless Labour I diſclose,  
 Her well-stretch'd C — , and rivel'd Belly shows.  
 Whoever, like Charles D — g, ſcorns Disgrace,  
 Can never want, altho' he lose his Place :

† Said to be the Mother of St. Paul's.

That Toothless Murd'rer, to his just Reproach,  
Pimps for his Sister, to maintain a Coach ;  
And let what will the Church or State befall,  
One fulsom crafty Whore maintains 'em all.

S — le, tho' loath'd, still the fair Sex adores,  
And has a Regiment of Horse and Whores.

Amidst the common Rout of early Duns,  
For Mustard, Soap, Milk, Small Coal, Swords, and Guns ;  
Two Rev'rend Officers (more highly born)  
Wait on his stinking Levee ev'ry Morn,

And in full Pomp his Palace Gates adorn.

But which is most in Vogue, is hard to tell,  
The publick Bawd, or private Centinel :  
That blubber'd Oaf, for two dull dribbling Bouts,  
Maintains two Bastards made of Janny's Clouts.

E'er it could fetch, 'twas like pox'd E — n spoil'd,  
Yet it can't touch a Wench, but she's with Child ;  
But who can think that pestilential Breath  
Should rise up Life, that always blasts with Death ?

'Tis strange K — e, that refin'd Beau Gorgon  
Was never yet at the Bell Savage shown,  
For he's a true and wonderful Baboon.

It therefore wisely was at first design'd  
He ne'er should like to propagate his Kind ;  
But the dull venom'd Draught, in vain employ'd,  
Like the false Serpent's, was it self destroy'd.

With foul Corruption sure he first was fed,  
And by Equivocal Generation bred.  
An honest \* *Solen* Goose, compar'd to him,  
Is a fine Creature, and of more Esteem.  
No learn'd Philosophers need strive to know,  
Whether his Soul's *ex traducee* or no.  
He has none yet, nor never will I fear ;  
No Soul of Sense would ever enter there.  
I wonder he dares speak, for fear we jirk  
His lazy Bones, and make the Monkey work.  
If aged *D*——e has left the Trade,  
And had enough of costly Masquerade,  
With Flames renew'd your old Amours persue,  
Now *R*——r has nothing else to do.  
Well done, old *H*——e, we all thy Choice adore,  
She is the younger, and much better Whore.  
But *H*——s has sure, to his eternal Curse,  
Left his own Strumpet, and espous'd a worse.  
That blazing Star still rises with the Sun,  
And will, I hope, whene'er it sets, go down.  
St. Peter ne'er deny'd his Lord but thrice ;  
But good St. *Edward* scorns to be so nice :  
He, every Mass, abjures what he before,  
On Tests, and Sacraments, so often swore.  
His Mother-Church will have a special Son  
Of him, by whom his Father was undone.

\* A sort of Geese bred in Scotland.

He turn'd, because on Bread alone he'd dine,  
And make the Wafer save his Bread and Wine:  
Mammon's the God he'll worship any Way,  
And keeps Conviction ready to a Day.  
Forbid it Heav'n, I e'er should live to see  
Our pious Monarch's gorgeous Chapel be  
Fill'd with such Miscreant Profelytes as he.  
*Miserere Domine! Ave Maria!*  
Poor Father Dover has got a *Gonorrhæa*.  
Was e'er (dread  $\mathfrak{f}$  — s) so much Affection shewn?  
He'd save thy Soul, but cares not for his own.  
How  $\mathfrak{s}$  — y prays, the old adult'rous Fop  
May find it a *Cormegan* swinging Clap!  
Unhappy Maid! who Man has never known,  
And yet, with perilous Pangs, brought forth a Son!  
Our  $\mathfrak{f}$  *Chyro-Medico Dydimus* nothing smelt,  
'Till he the sprawling Bantling heard and felt.  
And now it surely cannot be deny'd  
By him, who cur'd the *King* of what he dy'd.  
How  $\mathfrak{H}$  —  $\mathfrak{s}$  boasts, that his wife *King's-Head*  
Foretold the dismal Times we all should rue.  
Curs'd be the Screech-Owls! that rebellious Crowd  
Presag'd indeed *Rome's* swift Approach, as loud,  
As wise *Cassandra's* boding Voice of old,  
The wretched Fate of *Ancient Rome* foretold.  

---

*+ Dr. K — g.*

But why is he against the bringing in  
Any Religion that indulges Sin?  
He who his other Charges can retrench,  
To save Ten Guineas for a handsome Wench;  
Or be content to part with Twenty Pound,  
If Mrs. W—— insure her being sound.  
That Ideot thinks the tawdry Harlot's glad  
To serve him now, for Favours she has had,  
But who (dear H——y) ever heard before,  
Of Gratitude in any common Whore?  
She mounts the Price, and goes half Snack her self,  
And well knows how to cully such an Elf.  
Poor Jemmy I must needs much more applaud,  
A better Whore, and truer Friend and Rawd.  
Like the French King, he all his Conquests buys,  
And pow'ful Guinea still subdues their Eyes.  
How his smug little black-ey'd Harlot gaz'd  
On's hoarded Gold, and fine Apartments prais'd!  
But F—— (not trusting to the Miller's Truth)  
Like Joseph's Sacks, with Money in her Mouth;  
Sometimes he'll venture for himself to trade,  
With awkward Grace, at Balls and Masquerade.  
But what was the proud Coxcomb e'er the ne'er,  
Unless he got my Lady G—— a sharp Abbit biggin?  
Her Qualities to all the World are known,  
Fair as his Kin, and honest as her own bedster w<sup>th</sup> out  
She makes her Brothel worse than common Stews,  
And loves to S—— in her own Tribe, like Jem.

Incest with nearest Blood, Adul'try, all  
Her darling Sins, we may well deadly call.  
Whate'er in Times of *Tore* she may have been,  
Her Lust has now parch'd up her rivel'd Skin.  
Thou Town of *Edmonton*, I charge, declare  
What she and O——y did so often there.  
That \* scribbling Fool, who writes to her in *Metre*,  
And only speaks his Songs to make 'em sweeter :  
Great *Virgil's* true Reverse in Sense and Fate ;  
For what another writ, procur'd his Hate.  
To be but thought a Wit, he lost his Place ;  
And yet to show he is not of that Race,  
Will write himself, and add to his Disgrace.  
His *Valentinian's* learned Preface shines,  
Like *Memphis'* Siege, or *Bullaign's* radiant Lines.  
Among the Muses all his Time he spends,  
And his whole Study towards *Rarnessus* bends :  
Yet if for his, one handsome Thought be shown,  
Stop the dull Thief ; I'll swear 'tis not his own.  
Satire's his Joy ; but if he don't improve,  
Give me his Hatred, let her take his Love.  
That Fop she (H——z) more than Thee admires ;  
He often quenches her lascivious Fires.  
In vain poor H——y, with ridiculous Joy,  
Shews her, and ev'ry Fool, his hopeful Boy.  
His City Songsters, says he, keep such a Pother,  
She's sure he'll ne'er be able to get another.

---

\* Tom D'Ur-y.

Join then, propitious Stars, their widow'd Store,  
And make them happy, as they were before ;  
That is, may the decay'd incestuous Punk  
Swill like his Spouse, and he, like her, die drunk.  
Why, H——n, has the good old Queen the Grace,  
To see thy Bear-like Mien, and Baboon Face ?  
Her Court (the Gods be prais'd) has long been free  
From Irish Prigs, and such dull Sots as he.  
The wakeful Gen'ral, conscious of thy Charms,  
Dreads thine, as much as M——b's fierce Alarms.  
Yet sure there is a greater Ditch between  
A greasy Whiggish Dolr, and C——s's Queen.  
There is, and H——n soars not yet so high,  
His ogling Pigsnies dote on Lady Di.  
That Gudgeon on soft Baits will only bite,  
For easy Conquests are his sole Delight.  
And none can say, but that his Judgment's good,  
For all the K——s are made of Flesh and Blood.  
Y——n, the Glory of that lustful Tribe,  
Scorns to be meanly purchas'd with a Bribe :  
To Fame and Honour hates to be a Slave,  
But freely gives, what Nature freely gave.  
Like Heirs to Crowns, with sure Credentials born,  
Her hasty Bastards private Entries scorn ;  
In midst of Courts, and in the midst of Day,  
With little Peril, force their easy Way.  
But Woodford is, methinks, a better Seat,  
And for distended Wems a safe Retreat.

'Twas

'Twas well advis'd (old K — k) no Dangers fear'd ;  
No Groans, nor yelling Cries, can there be heard :  
In this lewd Town, and these censorious Times,  
Where ev'ry Whore rails at each other's Crimes.  
Fair *Theodosia* ! thy Romantick Name  
Had sure been blasted with eternal Shame :  
But thy wise Stratagems so well were laid,  
I'd almost swear, thou art a very Maid.  
Go on, and scorn our common S — Rules ;  
Let W — p make th'incestuous Uncles Fools :  
While *Prudence* pimps, and such a Foe combines,  
Impregnate more and more thy seedy Loins ;  
Thou still art safe, tho' thy large Womb should bear,  
Like hers, who teem'd for ev'ry Day o'th' Year.  
Proud O — & justly thinks her *Dutch*-built Shape  
A little too unwieldy for a Rape.  
Yet being conscious it will tumble down,  
At first Assault, surrenders up the Town.  
But no kind Conqueror has yet thought fit  
To make it his belov'd Imperial Seat.  
That batter'd Fort, which they with Ease deceive,  
Pillag'd, and sack'd, to the next Foe they leave.  
And haughty *Di*, in just Revenge, will try't,  
(Altho' she starve) with any senseless Wight :  
Not that to any Principle she's firm,  
But is debauch'd by damp'd seducing Sp — m.

S——y well knew the banning Hour, when Seven  
The Main throws out, or else a Nick, Eleven :  
When her decrepit Spend-thrift, troopless R—k,  
Is (meek as Moses) hid in Fire and Smoak.

Our Sacred Writ does learnedly relate,  
For one poor Babe, two Mothers hot Debate :  
But our two doughty Heroes, I am told,  
Which is the truest Father, fiercely scold.

H——,  
Both Claims seem just and great ; but gen'rous  
Who always is on the right Side, prevails.  
He will not only save its Life, but Soul ;  
So poor P—? K—k is fobbd off for a Fool.  
But 'tis all one ; Sir Courtly Nice does swear,  
He'll go to Mrs. Grace of Exeter.  
But why to Ireland, B——? Is't the Crime,  
Dost thou imagine, makes an easy Time ?  
Ungratefully indeed thou didst requite  
The skilful Goddess of the silent Night,  
By whose kind Help thou wast so oft before  
Deliver'd safely on thy Native Shore.  
Thy Belly thin'd, and an unusual Load  
Made thee believe K—k's Shoulders were too broad.

{ roar : }

And then'dst be sure we should not hear thee  
And if poor Tiffey Muffey should be ture,  
Wisely resolv'd *Not* should ne'er see it more :

But

But since all's well, return, that we may laugh  
At Irish C—s, which in all Climes are safe.  
Justly (false M——b) did thy Lord declare,  
Thou should'st not in his Crown nor Empire share.  
Indeed (dear Pimp) it was a just Design,  
Seeing he had so small a Share of thine.  
Brave E——m, that thund'ring Son of Arms,  
With pow'rful Magick, conquer'd both your  
Virtue, thy weak Lieutenant, run away,  
Just like that cursed Miscreant Coward G——y;  
And as poor J——s from his new Subjects did,  
At last, from thy fair Breast the Gen'ral fled.  
His Conversation, Wit, and Parts, and Mien,  
Deserv'd, he thought, at least a widow'd Queen.  
Nor wert thou sorry, since most Seeds are found  
To flourish better, when we change the Ground.  
He struck in Years, and spent in Toils and War,  
Could please thee less than did the strong D——r?  
Ne'er was a truer Stallion, to his Cost,  
He, as he was most able, lov'd thee most.  
But politick M——b thought it too much Grace,  
For one t'enjoy too long so great a Place.  
C——s next succeeds the lovely Train,  
And round his Neck displays a Captive's Chain.  
He, greater Fool than any of the rest,  
They say, will marry with the trimming Beast;

Which

Which if he does, Oh ! may his Blood be shed  
 On that high Throne where her last Traitor bled.  
 Mysterious Pow'rs ! what wond'rous Influence  
 Governs (the Ruling Stars) poor Mortals Sense ?  
 What unknown Motive our dread King persuades,  
 To make lewd Ogle Mother of the Maids.  
 The Gracious Prince had sure much wiser been,  
 Had he made S — — a Tutress to the Queen ;  
 And then, perhaps, her chaste Instructions would  
 Have sav'd a World of unbegotten Blood :  
 But pious J — — s (with Parts profound endu'd)  
 Will none prefer, but whom he knows are lewd.  
 S — — s, B — — s, all of the Court Breed,  
 Ladies of wond'rous Honour are indeed.  
 Ye scoundrel Nymphs, whom Rags and Scabs adorn,  
 Than that small poultry Whore more highly born.  
 If you are wise, apply your selves betimes ;  
 None highly merit now, but by their Crimes,  
 And the King does whate'er he's bid by \* G — — s.  
 Which made the wiser Choice, is now our Strife,  
 H — — I has his Mistress, or the † Prince his Wife :  
 Those || Traders sure will be belov'd as well,  
 As all the dainty tender Birds they sell.

\* By whom she got the Reversion of Mr. C — — 's Place.

† N — — d.

|| Both Poulterers.

The Learned Advocate (that rugged Stump  
Of old N—'s Honour) always lov'd the Rump;  
And 'tis no Miracle, since all the H—',  
Were giv'n (they say) to raise intestine Broils:  
But seeing, to the upright Juror's Praise,  
We are return'd to *Ignoramus* Days;  
The Lawyer swears he greater Hazard runs,  
Who F— one Daughter, than a hundred Sons.  
Prepost'rous Fate! while poor Miss J—y bawds,  
Each Foreign Fop her Mother's Charms applauds.  
Autumnal Whore! To ev'ry Nation known!  
A Curse to them, and Scandal to her own.  
Forgive me, (Chaster H—n) if I name  
Her stinking Toes with thine of sweeter Fame.  
Thou wond'rous pocky art, and wond'rous poor;  
But as she's richer, she's a greater Whore.  
What with her Breath, her Armpits, and her Feet,  
Ten Civet Cats can hardly make her sweet.  
From all the Corners of the noisome Town,  
The Filth of ev'ry Brute ran freely down  
To that infatiate Strumpet's Common-Shore,  
'Till it broke out, and poison'd her all o'er.  
Poor B—m in unsuccessful Verse,  
And Terms too mild, did her lewd Crimes re-

(hearse.

Bold

Bold is the Man that ventures such a Flight ;  
 Her Life's a Satire, which no Pen can write :  
 And therefore cursed may she ever be,  
 As when old *H* — e was catch'd with *Rain* in *Re*.

*Cetera desunt.*

\* *Lord M — e found her in Fast with my Lord R — r.*



*she*

*bold*

*bold*

Madam Maintenon's

A D V I C E  
TO THE  
FRENCH KING.

Written in the Year 1697.

**I.**  
IN Grey-hair'd Celia's wither'd Arms,  
Whilst mighty Lewis lay,  
She cry'd, If I have any Charms,  
My Dearest, let's away.

**H. I**

AI IV

## II.

I tremble for you, when I hear  
 Of Drums the dreadful Rattle :  
 Alas ! Sir, what should you do here  
 In Day of dismal Battle ?

## III.

Perhaps you'll ask, What can repair  
 The Ruins of your Glory ?  
 You ought to leave so mean a Care  
 To those that pen your Story.

## IV.

Are not *Corneille* and *Bajleau* paid  
 For Panegyrick Writing ?  
 They know how Heroes may be made  
 Without the Help of Fighting.

## V.

Your Foes too saucily approach ;  
 'Tis best to leave them fairly :  
 Clap six good Horses in your Coach,  
 And carry me to *Marly*.

## VI. Let

VI.

Let *Boufflers*, to secure your Fame,  
Go take some Town, or buy it ;  
While you, Great Sir, at *Nostre-Dame*  
To *Deum* sing in Quiet.



ON



ON THE  
DAY of JUDGMENT:  
BY THE  
Earl of Roscommon.

---

## I.

THE Day of Wrath, that dreadful Day,  
Shall the whole World in Ashes lay,  
As DAVID and the Sybil say.

## II.

What Horror will invade the Mind,  
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,  
Shall have few Venial Faults to find?

## MO

## III. The

III.

The last loud Trumpet's wond'rous Sound,  
Shall through the rending Tombs rebound,  
And wake the Nations under Ground.

IV.

Nature and Death shall, with Surprise,  
Behold the pale Offender rise,  
And view the Judge with conscious Eyes.

V.

Then shall, with universal Dread,  
The sacred Mystic Book be read,  
To try the Living and the Dead.

VI.

The Judge ascends his awful Throne ;  
He makes each secret Sin be known,  
And all with Shame confess their own.

VII.

O then ! What Interest shall I make,  
To save my last important Stake,  
When the most Just have Cause to quake ?

VIII. Thou

## VIII.

Thou mighty, formidable King,  
 Thou Mercy's unexhausted Spring,  
 Some comfortable Pity bring!

## IX.

Forget not what my Ransom cost,  
 Nor let my dear-bought Soul be lost,  
 In Storms of guilty Terror lost.

## X.

Thou who for me didst feel such Pain,  
 Whose precious Blood the Cross did stain,  
 Let not those Agonies be vain.

## XI.

Thou whom avenging Pow'r's obey,  
 Cancel my Debt (too great to pay),  
 Before the sad Accounting Day.

## XII.

Surrounded with amazing Fears,  
 Whose Load my Soul with Anguish bears,  
 I sigh, I weep: Accept my Tears.

XIII.

Thou who wer't mov'd with *MARY's Grief*,  
And, by absolving of the *Thief*,  
Hast giv'n me Hope, now give Relief.

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy Pray'r ;  
Preserve me from that dang'rous Snare,  
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted Soul a Place  
Amongst thy chosen Right-Hand Race,  
The Sons of God, and Heirs of Grace.

XVI.

From that insatiable Abyss,  
Where Flames devour, and Serpents hiss,  
Promote me to thy Seat of Bliss.

XVII.

Prostrate my contrite Heart I rend,  
My God, my Father, and my Friend ;  
Do not forsake me in my End.

XVIII. Well

## XVIII.

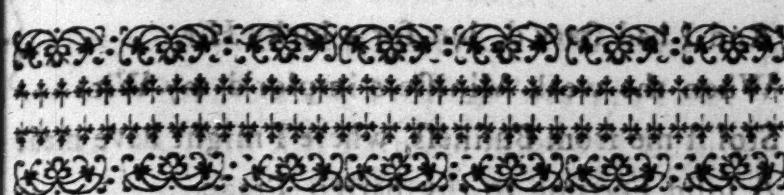
Well may they curse their second Breath,  
Who rise to a reviving Death.  
Thou great Creator of Mankind,  
Let guilty Man Compassion find.



## LIX.

D R T.

LIX.



**D R Y D E N S**  
**S A T I R E**  
**M U S E.**

---

*Written by the Lord S-r's.*

---

*Quo liceat Libris, non licet ire mibi :  
Turpiter hic, illuc ingeniosus eat.*

---

**H**ear me, dull Prostitute, worse than my Wife,  
Like her, the Shame and Clog of my dull Life,  
Whose first Essay was in a Tyrant's Praise,  
Bawdy in Prologues, Blasphemous in Plays ;

So lewd, thou mad'st me for the Church unfit,  
 And I had starv'd, but for a lucky Hit,  
 When the weak Ministers implor'd my Wit :  
 Stol'st me from Business, where I might have made  
 A solid Fortune to thy barren Trade.

My Father wisely bid me be a Clerk ;  
 Thou wisper'd'st, Boy, be thou a Tearing Spark.  
 I, from that fatal Hour, new Hopes persu'd,  
 Set up for Wit, and aukwardly was lewd ;

(swore,  
 Drank 'gainst my Stomach, 'gainst my Conscience  
 Against my Will, I marry'd a rank Whore :  
 After two Children, and a third Miscarriage,  
 By brawny Brothers hector'd into Marriage.  
 Affected Rapes and Lusts I'd never known ;  
 As if that all GOMORRAH was my own.  
 Nor Love, nor Wine, could ever see me Gay,  
 To Writing bred, I knew not what to say ;  
 With scolding Wife, and starving Chits beset,  
 When I want Money, and no Friend will treat,  
 Chear'd with one Cup of thy Castalian Spring,  
 I can abuse the Church, my Friend, and King ;  
 Tell him he's jilted, fool'd, led by the Nose,  
 Then like Almanzor turn upon his Foes ;  
 Libel his Mistresses, and Statesmen too,  
 Then o'er his whoring Life old David throw.

• *Almanzor* is a new word first stoln by  
 ; a word in a new & drollish language of my own.

By whom *Uriah* was so basely slain ;  
But our Good Monarch spares his *Castlemain*,  
And *Oates* his Plots and Treasons swears in vain :  
Defame the Men that gave me Meat and Cloaths,  
And then deny it with a Thousand Oaths.  
Adriel to please, call *Rochester* a Fool,  
*Sedley* a Capuchin, and *Dorset* dull.  
I, like *Borosky*, by the false Count fir'd,  
On *Scoop* my Blunderbuss of Satire fir'd ;  
In cool Blood call'd him Fool, Knave, Coward too ;  
What more to *Hall* or *Cranbourn* could I do,  
Who long enjoy'd e'er I began to woo ?  
Thou'l say, perhaps, What is all this to thee,  
If I a Coward, Cuckold, Villain be ?  
But then thou should'st thy sacred Aid refuse,  
When I invoke it to so base a Use ;  
Blunt, of my murd'ring Pen, the killing Point,  
And honestly refuse the odious Hint.  
But thou ne'er com'st so gladly to my Call,  
As when on Merit unprovok'd I fall.  
Is there a Patriot to be defam'd,  
Lady abus'd, or virtuous Action blam'd ?  
Thou with officious Hast rank'st ev'ry Word,  
And giv'st thy raging Madman a sharp Sword :  
Devils to Witches are not more at Hand,  
Than thou, when I an Hellish Task command.  
To thee, Ungrateful ! What has *Monmouth* done,  
That, *Parson*-like, thou call'st him *Absalon* ?

C

And

## 50 *Miscellany Poems.*

And by that Name dost foolishly infer,  
He from old *David's* Head the Crown would tear.  
Was he ambitious, he had kept his Place,  
Stood high in *David's* as the People's Grace,  
And warlike Chief of the *Praetorian* Bands,

(Hands,  
To the whole Nations Hearts had join'd their  
Of publick Good dissembled his deep Care,  
With the false *Jebusite* a-while kept fair ;  
Then in some great decisive glorious Day,  
Make those vile Cormorants disgorge their Prey,  
Our Church, Religion, Freedom, and our Laws,  
Those darling Morsels of their longing Jaws.  
Wise *Stanley* thus, 'till *Bosworth's* fatal Day,  
Did seeming Faith to cruel *Richard* pay ;  
But left the Tyrant in the Heat of Fight,  
And brought Success to *Harry's* drooping Right.  
*Monmouth's* brave Mind could no Disguise endure,  
Still Noble Ways preferring to Secure.  
While *David* lavishes his People's Love,  
He buys the Purchase with Design t'improve ;  
And like some prudent Kinsmen, reconvey  
What the wild Heir hath vainly thrown away, }  
Lest the Great Ancient Family decay.  
Good honest *David*, why wouldest thou have made  
Of such a Son and Parliaments afraid ?

Which

## Miscellany Poems. 51

Which whilst he sways, what Faction dares dispute,  
Or who can say, He is not Absolute !

Thro' them he may command the People's Purse,

(Curse.

And spend their Wealth and Blood without a  
By Laws they would a Popish Heir exclude,  
Not by rude Force, or a tumultuous Crowd :  
Against *Navarre* the Factious Princes leagu'd,  
And the Right Heir the Papal World intrigu'd :  
When a long War had plac'd him on the Throne,  
The State Religion he was forc'd to own ;  
The harmless People took it in good Part,  
The zealous Church yet stabb'd him to the Heart ;  
Taught all by Story, there was no Defence ;

(Prince.

But they must change their Faith, or change their  
Who would not here the like Extreams prevent,  
And settle Things by Aid of Parliament ?  
Thou only Court presiding at the Helm,  
Which mak'st all others useful to the Realm ;  
Inferior Judges trembling to decree,  
What may hereafter be condemn'd by thee :  
The Chancellor's and ill Statesmen's only Dread,  
For it is thou alone can reach their Head.  
By thee fell *Wolfey*, and false *Clarendon*,  
Abandon'd by their Kings, but here undone ;

C 2

Both

52 *Miscellany Poems.*

Both overwhelm'd for daring to remove,  
Or stem the Torrent of their Master's Love:  
The one fair *Bullen* to his Prince deny'd;  
The other made lov'd *Stuart Richmond's* Bride,

(Hide.)

And with the Royal Blood for ever mingled  
To their own Ruin can all Men agree,  
And none the Precipice but Courtiers see?  
Courtiers, who importune the Sovereign,  
To pardon Robbers, Cut-throats, for their Gain;  
Who live on Ideots, Lunaticks, Forfeits, Fines,  
And cannot thrive but when the Nation pines.  
Unhappy we, if rul'd by such, whose Rent  
Consists in Breaches of the Government.  
Some few there are with great Estates indeed,  
Yet labour with imaginary Need:  
Strange Sort of Fools, who for one Pension more,  
Inslave themselves, and all they had before.  
Others, with Titles and new Earldoms caught,  
Would give up all for which the Barons fought:  
They're equally unfit for Government,  
Who nothing have, or nothing will content.  
Who bid thee, in *Achitophel's* vile Name,  
Old *David's* Errors and his Faults proclaim?  
Or say, *Plots True or False are needful Things,*  
*To set up Common-wealths, and pull down Kings?*

That

That *David* (whom thou dost with Rev'rence name)  
Charm'd into Ease, grows careless of his Fame,  
And brib'd with petty Sums of Foreign Gold,  
Is grown in *Bathsheba's* Embraces old ?

That (like the Prince of Angels) from his Height,  
He now comes downward with diminish'd Light ?

If *David* once ill Language lay to Heart,  
Who shall the Poet from the Traytor part ?

The People's Voice, of old the Voice of God,  
Thou call'st the Voice of an unruly Crowd.

Crowds are the Fools, ——————  
That flock to thine and *D'Urfey's* Loyal Plays,  
And give implicit Claps on your third Days :  
About the Stage of *Mountebank* they wait,  
And whoop at Cudgels, or a broken Pate,  
But have, like thee, no Int'rest in the State.

Rule as thou wilt the Realm of *Mexico*,  
And under Iron Yokes make *Indians* bow ;  
But with old *England* what hast thou do ?

Who from our Kings an useful Pow'r would  
Nor have they Pow'r, but for the People's Sake  
Disarm themselves, and *Anarchy* bespeak.

Kings may do Good at their full Stretch of Will,  
And need not for a Strain of Law stand still :  
They spare with Mercy, tho' with Judgment kill,  
Confin'd, like God, only from doing Ill.

54 *Miscellany Poems.*

Thus in our Papal Fire, to save the Town,  
Some Houses were blown up, and some pull'd down:  
None blam'd the Order, since 'twas understood,  
A private Mischief's for the publick Good.

Thô we all perish, yet we must forbear  
The sacred Title of a Popish Heir,  
If we thy foolish Politicks should hear.

Somewhere there must a Sov'reign Power be,  
In King, in Lords, in Commons, or all Three,  
Deriv'd from God, and only less than his,  
Which can do all, and nothing do amiss;  
The sacred Ties of Marriage can dissolve,  
And Children in their Parents Crimes involve,  
Making those Bastards, who had else been Heirs,  
And injur'd Husbands, legal Widowers;  
Cut off Entails, make new, repeal old Laws,  
And of contending Kings decide the Cause.

Thus from the Helm our learned *Richard* thrust,  
Confess'd their Pow'r, and own'd their Sentence just.  
And on the Throne our brave Fourth *Edward* sat,  
Whilst *Harry* liv'd a Prisoner of State.

*Alphons* thus depos'd for his weak Life,  
*Pedro* enjoy'd his Kingdom and his Wife.

There *Ius Divinum* barks not at his Right,  
Damns not his Rule by Day, nor Love by Night.

In his Defence each private Man may kill ;  
Must then a Nation perish, and stand still ?

If for our Laws, Faith, God, we may not fight,  
When can a Christian Sword be in the Right ?

Oh ! the prodigious Wit, and wond'rous Sting,

(Thing !

To call *Achit'phel's* Son, Unfeather'd Two-legg'd  
So by old *Plato* Man was once defin'd,  
'Till a pull'd Cock that Notion undermin'd.

Thy *Amiel* with Bull *Jonas* self may vye,  
For all but Courage, Wit, and Honesty.

As loud he roar'd 'gainst the Prerogative,  
As sharply blam'd, as stingily would give,  
'Till his own Wants oblig'd him to receive,

And on his cheated Sire he could no longer live ;  
Whose whole Estate when he in Trust had got,

Thy honest *Amiel* grudg'd him Pipe and Pot.

Thy *Husbai* next, a true Friend e'er a Man,  
So soon his Dearness with his Prince began,

Was but Fourteen when *David* was abroad,  
Less fit for a King's Friendship than a Rod :

Which he deserv'd, when he with Tears reply'd,  
And in full House the loyal Baby cry'd,

How could one *German* Journey teach his Youth,  
And add Experience to his native Truth !

56 *Miscellany Poems.*

Abroad he learn'd to live upon his Prince,  
As ev'ry Fool, Whore, Bully ~~has~~ done since ;  
To other Merit he has no Pretence.

*Barzillai's Praise* I could rehearse again,  
And make the second Labour of my Pen ;  
Wise, Valiant, Loyal, Rich, of high Descent,  
Born t'all that Fortune for her Darlings meant,  
Who nobly scorn'd a private Happiness,  
When he beheld the Sovereign in Distress ;  
To Arms he flew, but with bold *Cato's* Fate,  
Espous'd the Cause that Fortune seem'd to hate :  
Striving to save the Head that wore the Crown,  
He pull'd the mighty Ruin on his own.

But why extoll'st *Jerusalem's* *Sagan*,  
At Drink and Whores indeed a very Dragon ?  
Not *Magdalen*, possess'd in all her Prime  
With her Ten Devils, could have equall'd him.  
Why would'st thou call thy *Adriel* a Muse,  
And *David* of his hasty Rise accuse ?  
When we all know, the same obliging Hand  
Gave him his *George*, and *Ch—ll* his Command,

*Terminus* his Country House, and *Bromwich* his  
Or *Jotham* flatter'd that vain fickle Thing,  
Famous for Jests upon the Church and King :  
One while *Pythagoras's* harmless Food,  
For Thoughts and Politicks must cool his Blood ;

And

And then again with Whores and lusty Wines,  
Revels all Night, and thinks him mad that dines.  
Quibbles, Jokes, Puns, and trifling Wit he has,  
And, like the *Swede*, is very rich in *Brass*:  
Against the Court, and *David's* self he roar'd,  
How ill he govern'd, and how worse he whor'd;  
Would swear, a *Parrot* had more Wit than *Nelly*,

(Belly.

With her parch'd Face more wrinkled than P—  
Yet now to both, like Popish Saints, he prays,  
Which shews he will not burn in *James's* Days:  
In his plain Band, and Honesty in show,  
He only aim'd at *Da—y's* Overthrow;  
Which when obtain'd, this Patriot had his Ends,  
And farewell all his plain well-meaning Friends;  
There was no Plot, no Popish Duke to fear,  
With *Da—y* all our Dangers disappear.  
*Da—y* thus setting, to prevent dark Night,  
This paler Moon shews forth its clearer Light,  
Misguides our Counsellors with her glim'ring Ray,  
And all our Men of Busines<sup>s</sup> lose their Way;  
Our Parliament's dissolv'd, new Members meet,  
An *Oxford* Journey must allay their Heat;  
But the true *English* Interest appear'd;  
The *Silver-Smiths* for their *Diana* fear'd;  
Popery would pass on us in no Disguise,  
No Flow'rs could hide that Serpent from our Eyes.

58 *Miscellany Poems.*

Were in such Hast dissolv'd, that in the Street,  
New Chosen with Dissolving Members meet;  
And then a Paper, in good *David's* Name,  
Must the Proceedings of the House defame.  
Sheriffs and Juries pack'd, Justices made  
Knights of th'Address, and all false Colours laid,  
To cheat their Party with a vain Conceit,  
The People, Parliaments both Fear and Hate.  
What *Sampson* in a Dungeon Captive, blind,  
In spiteful Rage for cruel Foes design'd,  
The House of Commons must be thought to do,  
Against themselves, and those that trust them too.  
The Head shall sooner fear its own Right Hand,  
Parents their smiling Infant's Death command,  
The cheerful Birds sit silent in the Spring,  
Than *Lords* and *Commons* hurt the Realm or King.  
They may thy Heroes, that small faithful Band,  
Precious Counsellors, who dare singly stand  
'Gainst the collective Wisdom of the Land.  
*David* in Exile had more Friends, than thou  
Wilt to his best, his happiest Days allow.  
Why sounds thy Trumpet in the Time of Peace?  
Art thou afraid our Differences should cease,  
That thus thou talk'st of Rebels, Treasons, more  
Than any *Irish* Witness ever swore?

Sol.

## Miscellany Poems. 59

Soldiers of Fortune, thus to drive a Trade,  
Care not what Ruin, or what Slaughter's made.

But hear me Prophesy, and mark me well ;  
E'er thrice the Rose renews its fragrant Smell,  
People and King shall join, like Man and Wife,  
And both abhor the Engines of their Strife :  
No more shall they endure a Hackney Pen,  
And thou cashier'd, shalt to the Stage again,  
Please none but silly Women, or worse Men ;  
*David* shall find Duty an empty Word,  
(For diff'rent Faiths can never have one Sword ;  
The Knot of Friendship is but loosely ty'd,  
'Twixt those that Heavenly Concerns divide.)  
He then shall with his Parliament agree,  
And Lives and Fortunes shall their Language be.  
*Monmouth* be bless'd for all that he has done,  
While thy vile Heroes to their Pardons run.



The



*The Greyhound Strip's*

**E L E G Y :**  
WITH  
A Piece of his Skin annex'd.

**D**iana, come, attend this mournful Story,  
Here's Strip lies dead, of all thy Leahs  
(the Glory.

Behold his Head, all of the wond'rous Snake !  
His Neck, the Emblem of the towring Drake !  
Lo ! there his scaly Back, like Oaken Beam,  
With stately Belly of the gliding Bream !  
His oval Foot, like the Majestick Cat,  
His whisking Stern outvies the warlike Rat !  
Renounce thy Pleasure, and thy Bow lay by ;  
Thine Arrows never did so swiftly fly.

## Miscellany Poems. 61

His Strength, his Beauty, and his Courage too,  
Out-strip'd 'em all, for none like him could do ; }  
He never miss'd the Game he did pursue.

Oft have I seen the trembling Puffs go by,  
Strait turn up white, and without flixing die ; }  
Alas ! she knew it was in vain to fly.

Witness ye \* *Karn-Bray* Hills, and Downs of *Conner* !

Poching † *Dick Flower* swears upon his Honour ;

|| *Redruth* and *Wendron* do attest the same,

And bear this Record, to his matchless Fame ;

The Plains of *Sarum* never yet did yield

A Dog his Equal, nor *Newmarket* Field.

Rejoice, ye Hares ! your Jubilee is come,

Leap, frisk, and play, until the Day of Doom.

\* Places that breed the stoutest Hares in Cornwall.

† A Country Parson, of late wool and big.

|| Two honest Gentlemen that live in those Parishes.



THE



## THE

## INCHANTMENT.

---

*By Mr. OTWAY.*

---

## I.

I Did but look and love awhile,  
'Twas but for one half Hour;  
Then to resist, I had no Will,  
And now I have no Power.

## II.

To sigh, and wish, is all my Ease;  
Sighs, which do Heat impart,  
Enough to melt the coldest Ice,  
Yet cannot warm your Heart.

III. Oh!

III.

Oh! would your Pity give my Heart  
One Corner of your Breast,  
Twould learn of yours the winning Art,  
And quickly steal the rest.



II

THE



One Course to your Care

And a quenching of your Blood

**T H E**

## ENJOYMENT.

*By the same.*

### I.

**C**lasp'd in the Arms of her I love,  
In vain, alas ! for Life I strove :  
My flutt'ring Spirits, wrap'd in Fire  
By Love's mysterious Art,  
Born on the Wings of fierce Desire,  
Flew from my flaming Heart.

### II.

Thus lying in a Trance for dead,  
Her swelling Breasts bore up my Head ;

B H T

When

## Miscellany Poems. 65

When waking from a pleasing Dream,  
I saw her killing Eyes,  
Which did in fiery Glances seem  
To say, Now *Cælia* dies.

### III.

Fainting, she press'd me in her Arms,  
And trembling lay, dissolv'd in Charms;  
When, with a shiv'ring Voice, she cry'd,  
Must I alone then die?  
No, no, I languishing reply'd,  
I'll bear thee Company.

### IV.

Melting our Souls thus into one,  
Swift Joys our Wilhes did out-run :  
Then launch'd in rolling Seas of Bliss,  
We bid the World, *Adieu* ;  
Swearing by ev'ry charming Kiss,  
To be for ever true.



TO THE  
QUEEN,

ON

*The DEATH of his Royal  
Highness Prince GEORGE  
of Denmark.*

---

By JOSEPH TRAPP, M. A.

---

WHEN weeping Majesty through Clouds  
And all *Britannia's* Hope dissolves in Tears;  
'Tis Universal Grief; and all would show  
Their Zeal to lessen such important Woe.

While

While others various Arts of Comfort use ;  
Accept of ours, Great Princess, nor refuse  
The Consolations of th' officious Muse,  
Who fights for You, and labours in her Turn,  
To heal that Sorrow, which whole Kingdoms mourn.

(Cause

With Cause indeed You grieve, with mighty  
Lament harsh Destiny's resistless Laws,  
When the dear Partner of Your Joys and Cares  
No more survives, no more Your Counsels shares ;  
No longer lives t' adorn Your Court, and bless  
Your warlike Reign with all the Sweets of Peace,  
To heighten Fortune's Smiles, allay her Frowns,  
And ease the long Fatigues that wait on Crowns.  
All was harmonious ; no Dispute between  
Th' ambiguous Rights of Consort, and of QUEEN,  
When mutual Tenderness unquestion'd sway'd,  
And both, or neither, govern'd or obey'd.  
How did the pious Royal Pair improve  
The brightest Patterns of Connubial Love !  
Which still in all shall Admiration raise ;  
O ! would they imitate, as well as praise.

In Life's Decay, to Sickness forc'd to yield,  
He sought, 'tis true, no Lawrels in the Field

How

68 *Miscellany Poems.*

How could he then those tedious Toils sustain,

With lab'ring Lungs that heav'd for Breath with (Pain)  
How range the thick'ning Squadrons into Form,  
Or teach th'uncertain Battle when to storm ?  
As when his Strength, not yet in its Decline,  
Stood firm, and gave the Hero Leave to shine.  
When oft renown'd in Northern Wars, he led  
His hardy *Danes*, and charging at their Head,  
With swift Destruction crush'd the valiant *Sweed* ;  
Rescu'd his sinking Brother from the Foe,  
And sav'd a King, and Kingdom, at a Blow.

(join,  
Or when he march'd with *WILLIAM*'s Arms to  
And shar'd with Him the Glory of the *Boyne*.  
Nor, when retir'd, did all his Labours cease ;  
Silent, but not inglorious, was his Ease.  
Your Realms with delegated Rule he aw'd,  
Gentle at Home, as rough and brave Abroad.  
Thus always led by Fame's or Virtue's Charms,  
An Hero still in Piety, or Arms.

Though all these Honours to Himself are due,  
One more conspicuous He derives from You ;  
Consort to such a *QUEEN* ! That deathless Name  
Shall add the brightest Lustre to his Fame ;

## Miscellany Poems. 69

Immortalize his Glory, and outshine  
All Regal Titles, but the Right Divine.

A Prince so Excellent, You needs must grieve  
To lose, but Heav'n rejoices to receive.

Cease then Your Sighs ; while languishing You sit,  
Britannia's Genius weeping at Your Feet ;  
The Business of the World suspended stands,  
Nor circulates without Your dread Commands.

So if that Part which all the Body guides,  
Where the Nerves meet, and where the Soul resides,  
The least Disorder feels, the whole Machine  
Is pale without, and all untun'd within :  
The vital Springs their active Force forget,  
And all the lazy Pulses faintly beat.

Enough to Grief You then resign'd Your Breast,  
Profuse and lavish of Your Royal Rest ;  
When negligent of all Your Pomp and State,  
Close by the gasping Prince You pensive fate ;  
Outwatch'd the Stars with watry sleepless Eyes,  
With Vows incessant importun'd the Skies ;  
And vainly struggling with relentless Death,

(Breath.  
Hung on his trembling Lips, and catch'd his flying

As

As much as could from Destiny be gain'd,  
 Your unexampled Piety obtain'd :  
 Long doubtful did its lifted Hand forbear  
 The threaten'd Stroke, which hov'ring hung in Air.

(Strife,  
 Your Prayers with Heaven maintain'd a dubious  
 His Soul long flutt'ring on the Verge of Life,  
 And by a gradual Death at last set free,  
 To soften Fate, and smooth its harsh Decree.

Nor weep, as if Your Glory too were dead,  
 And all Your Joys with Your lov'd Consort fled,  
 No more he holds Your Pow'r in either Hand,  
 One to controul the Sea, and one the Land :  
 Yet Sov'reign o'er these Isles You still remain,  
 And in our willing Hearts triumphant reign :  
 Yet still Your Fleets the liquid Empire keep,  
 And ride Majestick o'er the boundless Deep.  
 Abroad Your conqu'ring Troops lament Your Loss  
 In dreadful Grief, pernicious to Your Foes.  
 Soon as the News was to the Camp convey'd,  
 On *Lille's* regarding Citadel employ'd,  
 Murmuring they paus'd, the Tidings to enquire,

(Fire;  
 With Arms reclin'd, and stopp'd their Storms of  
 But soon discharg'd their Fury on the *Gauls*,  
 And pour'd fresh Ruin on their shatter'd Walls.

## Miscellany POEMS. 71

Marlbro' and *Eugene* still Your Thunder wield,  
In spite of Winter, and maintain the Field ;  
Always Victorious, they the Foe engage,  
Like Winter Tempests, with redoubl'd Rage ;  
Teaching his scatter'd Troops no more to dare  
To stand the sweeping Whirlwind of their War.  
Fir'd with new Courage, farther we advance  
On hostile Ground, and closely press on *France*.  
*Britannia's Queen*, and all *Britannia's Pow'rs*,  
Level their Bolts at *Gallia's* haughty Tow'rs ;  
More terrible in Grief : So Lightnings fly,  
Redd'ning the horrid Gloom, when Clouds obscure  
(the Sky.)

Let all Your Conquests for his Death attone,  
Forget Fate's Triumphs, and improve Your own.  
Chiefly to You the Godlike Prince is lost ;  
But think, oh ! think, You grieve at *Europe's* Cost,  
And least should mourn him, tho' You lose him  
(most.)

And you, who near your weeping Sov'reign wait,  
And share the melancholy Pomp of State,  
Use all your Female Tenderness, and find  
The gentlest Arts to recompose her Mind :  
Nor with unskilful pious Haste increase  
The swelling Passion which you strive to ease ;

But

But sooth the Pain awhile, and bring Relief,  
With all the softest Elegance of Grief.

In sad complaining Sounds her Sighs return,

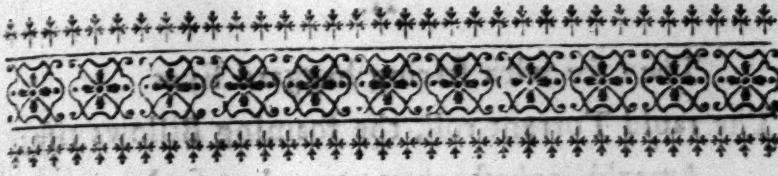
And own, Your **QUEEN** has wond'rous Cause <sup>(mourn,</sup>  
But then intreat Her to regard our Fears,  
And count the vast Expence of *Royal Tears*.

May Heav'n, and She, if Heav'n our Crimes can  
Make that inestimable Life their Care.  
That we implore, with anxious Fears oppress'd,  
So solicitous for That, and thoughtless of the Rest.



**O D E,**

---



# ODE,

For the Year 1705.

---

By MR. EDMUND SMITH,  
of Christ-Church, Oxon.

---

## I.

JANUS, did ever to thy wond'ring Eyes,  
So bright a Scene of Triumph rise?  
Did ever *Greece* or *Rome* such Lawrels wear,  
As crown'd the last auspicious Year?  
When first at *Bleinheim* ANNE Her Ensigns spread,  
And *Marlbro'* to the Field the shouting Squadrons led,  
In vain the Hills and Streams oppose,  
In vain the hollow Ground in faithless Hillocks rose.  
To the rough *Danube*'s winding Shore,  
His shatter'd Foes the conqu'ring Hero bore.

D

II. They

## II.

They see with staring haggard Eyes  
 The rapid Torrent roll, the foaming Billows rise;  
 Amaz'd, aghast, they turn, but find,  
 In *Marlbro's* Arms, a surer Fate behind.  
 Now his red Sword aloft impends,  
 Now on their shrinking Heads descends :  
 Wild and distracted with their Fears,  
 They justling plunge amidst the sounding Deepes;  
 The Flood away the struggling Squadrons sweeps,  
 And Men, and Arms, and Horses whirling bears.  
 The frightened *Danube* to the Sea retreats,  
 The *Danube* soon the flying Ocean meets,  
 Flying the Thunder of Great *ANNA's* Fleets.

## III.

*Rooke* on the Seas asserts her Sway,  
 Flames o'er the trembling Ocean play,  
 And Clouds of Smoak involve the Day.  
 Affrighted *Europe* hears the Cannons roar,  
 And *Africk* echoes from its distant Shore.  
 The *French*, unequal in the Fight,  
 In Force superior, take their Flight.  
 Factions in vain the Hero's Worth decry,  
 In vain the vanquish'd triumph, while they fly.

## IV. Now,

IV.

Now, *Janus*, with a future View,  
The Glories of Her Reign survey,  
Which shall o'er *France* Her Arms display,  
And Kingdoms now Her own subdue.

*Lewis*, for Oppression born ;  
*Lewis*, in his Turn, shall mourn,  
While his conquer'd happy Swains,  
Shall hug their easy wish'd-for Chains.  
Others, inflav'd by Victory,  
Their Subjects, as their Foes, oppress ;  
*ANNA* conquers but to Free,  
And governs but to Bless.





# HORACE,

Lib. IV. Ode 5. Imitated;

*And humbly address'd to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, instead of Augustus, to whom it is dedicated in the Original.*

---

*Divis orte bonis, Optime Romulæ  
Custos Gentis, &c.*

---

## I.

O Born! when Heav'ns propitious deign'd to  
Thou Best and Bravest Champion of our Isle!  
Too long hast Thou been absent from our Sight,  
Too long unhappy Britains mourn  
Thy slow Return;

(Right)  
And Senates wait to do their conqu'ring Gen'ral

II. Re-

II.

Return, brave Prince, those radiant Beams restore,  
That grac'd thy Country, when Thou grac'd'st  
For like the Spring's, when thy bright Aspect's seen,  
It on the People darts its Rays,  
And introduces Sun-shine Days ;  
And all the Land does smile, and all the Sky's  
(serene,

III.

As a fond Mother for her Son complains,  
Whom the *South* Wind on Foreign Coasts detains,  
Beyond his wonted and accustom'd Time,  
From his dear Home, and her more dear Embrace,  
And will not from the Shore avert her Face ;  
But upwards sends her Vows and Pray'rs,  
Expensive of her briny Tears,  
In Hopes to see him reach his native Clime,  
Thus urg'd by faithful Wishes and Desires,  
Britain from *Germany* her *Marlborough* requires,

IV.

Safe by thy Presence, Oxen plow the Fields,  
And Cows with Increase her Blessings yields,

78 *Miscellaneous Poems.*

As ev'ry Project to our Wish succeeds ;  
While by thy Influence at Land, the Sea  
From *Gallia's* Naval Threats is free,  
And Virtue grows in Fashion from thy Virtuous  
(Deeds.

V.

To thee, and to thy chaste Example's Due,  
No Peer frequents the long neglected Stew ;  
That Parents by their Children's Looks are known ;  
That Laws are put in Force,  
And Punishments come on of Course,  
When obstinate Offenders will those Laws disown.

VI.

Who fears the *French*, or who the grumbling *Scots* ?  
Or the dark Mischiefs false *Bavarians* plot ?  
Who values the *Hungarian* or the *Sweed* ?  
If *Marlborough's* free from Harms,  
The World against us is in vain in Arms,  
And in his Health alone, *Britain's* from Danger  
(freed.

VII.

Be Thou but safe, we'll safely spend our Days,  
And undisturb'd will Plants and Flowers raise ;

Will

Will lop the *Sycamore*, and prune the *Vine*,  
And to our own *Freeholds* will come,  
Mindful of him that gifts us with a *Home*,  
And toast our fam'd *Defender's Health*, by which  
(we dine.

VIII.

To Thee our *Wishes* and our *Cups* go round,  
With many *Vows*, and many *Bumpers* crown'd ;  
While we to Royal *ANNA's* join thy *Name*,  
With the same *Rev'rence* to thy *Praise*,  
As *Greece* in *ancient Days*,  
Shew'd to their *Cæsar's*, or *Alcides* deathless *Fame*.

IX.

O matchless *Prince* ! for so the *Muse* requests,  
Return, and lengthen our *Thanksgiving-Feasts* ;  
Extend them to an endless *Round of Years*,  
Or make one *Holy-day* of *Time* ;  
'Till Thou *Cœstial Regions* climb,  
And leave us all disconsolate in *Tears*.

These are our *Day-break Wishes*, when a-thirst we  
And these our *Sun-set Vows*, when we full *Bumpers*  
(take..

---

*Tibi summe Rheni Domitor, Parenz Orbis.*

*Pudice Princeps, Gratias agunt Urbes.* Mart. l. 9.

---



To his GRACE  
The DUKE of  
*MARLBOROUGH,*  
Upon his Going into  
GERMANY.

---

GO, Mighty PRINCE, and those Great Na-  
tions see,  
Which thy Victorious Arms before made free;  
View that fam'd Column, where thy Name, engrav'd,  
Shall tell their Children who their Empire sav'd:  
Point out that Marble, where thy Worth is shown,  
To ev'ry Grateful Country, but thy Own.  
O Censure undeserv'd ! Unequal Fate !  
Which strove to Lessen *Him* who made *Her* Great;

Which

## Miscellany POEMS. 81

Which pamper'd with Success, and rich in Fame,  
Exroll'd his Conquest, but condemn'd his Name :  
But Virtue is a Crime, when plac'd on high,  
Tho' all the Fault's in the Beholder's Eye.

Yet He, untouched, as in the Heat of Wars,  
Flies from no Danger, but *Domestic Wars* ;  
Leaves busy Tongues, and lying Fame behind,  
And tries at least in other Climes to find,  
Our Rage by Mountains and by Seas confin'd ;  
Yet smiling at the Dart, which Envy shakes,  
He only fears for Her, whom He forsakes.  
He grieves to find the Course of Virtue crost,  
Blushing to see our Blood no better lost ;  
Disdains in Factious Parties to contend,  
And proves in Absence most *Britannia's Friend*.

So the Great *SCIPIO* of old, to shun  
That glorious Envy which his Arms had won,  
Far from his dear, ungrateful *Rome* retir'd,  
Prepar'd, whene'er his Country's Cause requir'd,  
To shire in *Peace* or *War*, and be again Admira'd.



THE  
Miller's TALE,  
FROM  
CHAUCER.  
Inscribed to  
N. ROWE Esq;

---

The ARGUMENT.

NICHOLAS, a Scholar of Oxford, practiseth with  
ALLISON, the Carpenter's Wife of Osney, to de-  
ceive her Husband; but in the End it rewarded ac-  
cordingly.

---

W Hilom in Oxford, an old Chuff did dwell,  
A Carpenter by Trade, as Stories tell;  
Who by his Craft had heap'd up many a Hoard,  
And furnish'd Strangers both with Bed and Board.

With him a Scholar lodg'd, of slender Means,  
But notable for Sciences and Sense.

Yet, tho' he took Degrees in Arts, his Mind  
Was mostly to *Astrology* inclin'd.

A Lad in *Divination* skill'd and shrewd,  
Who by Interrogations could conclude,  
If Men should ask him at what certain Hours  
The droughty Earth would gape for cooling Show'rs,  
When it should rain, or snow, what should befall  
Of fifty Things; I cannot reckon all.

This learned Clerk had got a mighty Fame  
For Modesty, and *NICHOLAS* his Name.  
Subtle he was, well taught in *Cupid's* Trade,  
But seem'd as meek, and bashful as a Maid.  
A Chamber in this Hostelry he kept,  
Alone he study'd, and alone he slept.  
With sweet and fragrant Herbs the Room was dress'd,  
But he was ten times sweeter than the best.  
His Books of various Size, or great, or small,  
His *Augyim* Stones to cast Accounts withal;  
His *Astrolabe* and *A'magist* \* apart,  
With twenty more hard Names of cunning Art;  
On several Shelves were couched nigh his Bed,  
And the Press cover'd with a folding Red.

---

\* The Name of a Book of Astronomy, written by Ptolemy.

Above an Instrument of Music lay,  
On which sweet Melody he us'd to play,  
So wond'rous sweet, that all the Chamber rung,  
And *Angelus ad Virginem* † he sung ;  
Then would he chaunt in good King David's Note,  
Full often blessed was his merry Throat,  
And thus the Clerk in Books and Music spent  
His Time, and Exhibition's yearly Rent.

This Carpenter had a new married Wife,  
Lov'd as his Eyes, and dearer than his Life.  
The buxom Lass had twice nine Summers seen,  
And her brisk Blood ran high in ev'ry Vein.  
The Dotard, jealous of so ripe an Age,  
Watch'd her, and lock'd her, like a Bird in Cage,  
For she was wild, and in her lovely Prime ;  
But he, poor Man ! walk'd down the Hill of Time.  
He knew the Temper of a youthful Spouse,  
And oft was seen to rub his aking Brows.  
He knew his own weak Side, and dreamt in Bed,  
She had, or would, be planting on his Head.  
He knew not *Cato*, for his Wit was rude,  
That Men should wed with their Similitude.  
Like should with Like, in Love and Years, engage,  
For *Youth* can never be a Rhyme to *Age*.

---

† *The Angel's Salutation to the Virgin Mary.*

Hence Jealousies create a Nuptial War,  
And the warm Seasons with the frigid jar:—  
But when the Trap's once down, he must endure  
His Fate, and *Patience is the only Cure.*

Perhaps his Father, and a hundred more  
Of honest Christians, were thus serv'd before.

Fair was his charming Consort, and withall  
Slender her Waste, and like a *Weasel's* small.  
She had a Girdle barred all with Silk,  
And a clean Apron, white as Morrow Milk.

White was her Smock, embroider'd all before,  
Which on her Loins in many Plaits she wore.

Broad was her silken Fillet, set full high,  
And oft she twinkled with a liquorish Eye.

Her Brows were arched like a bended *Bow*,  
Like *Marble* smooth, and blacker than a *Sloe*;

She softer far than *Wool*, or fleecy *Snow*.  
Were you to search the Universal round,  
So gay a Wench was never to be found.

With greater Brightness did her Colour shine,  
Than a new *Noble* of the freshest Coin.

Shrill was her Song, and loud her piercing Nose,  
No *Swallow* on a Barn had such a Throat.

To this she skipp'd and caper'd, like a *Lamb*,  
Or *Kid*, or *Calf*, when they persue their Dam.

Sweet as *Metheglin* was her *Honey Lip*,  
Or *Hoard* of *Apples* which in *Hay* are kept.

86 *Miscellany Poems.*

Wincing she was, as is a jolly *Colt*,  
Long as a Mast, and upright as a Bolt.  
Above her Ankles laced was her Shoe;  
She was a *Primrose*, and a *Pigmy* too;  
And fit to lig by any Christian's Side,  
Or a Lord's Mistress, or a Yeoman's Bride.

Now, Sir, what think you, how the Case befell?  
This *Nicholas*, (for I the Truth will tell)  
Was a meer Wag, and on a certain Day,  
When the good Man, the Husband, was away,  
Began to sport and wanton with his Dame,  
(For *Clerks* are fly, and very full of Game).  
And privily he caught her by *That same*.  
My \* Lemman Dear, (quoth he) I'm all on fire,  
And perish, if you grant not my Desire.  
He clasp'd her round, and held her fast, and cry'd,  
O let me, let me — never be deny'd.  
At this she wreath'd her Head, and sprung aloof,  
Like a young frisking *Colt*, whose tender Hoof  
Ne'er felt the Farrier's Hand, and never knew  
The Virgin Burden of an Iron Shoe.  
Fie *Nicholas*, away your Hands, quoth she,  
Is this your Breeding, and Civility?

---

\* *Mistress.*

## Miscellany Poems. 87

Foh! Idle Sot! What meanst' unmanner'd Clown,  
To tease me thus, and toss me up and down?  
I vow I'll tell, and bawl it o'er the Town.  
You're rude, and will you not be answer'd, No?  
I will not kiss you — prithee, let me go.

Here *Nicholas*, a young, designing Knave,  
Began to weep, and cant, and Pardon crave.  
So fair he spoke, and importun'd so fast,  
This seeming modest Spouse consents at last;  
By good St. *Thomas* † swore, her usual Oath,  
That she would meet his Love — tho' mighty loath.  
' If you, said she, convenient Leisure wait,  
' (You know my Husband has a jealous Pate).  
' I will require you; for if once the Beast  
' Should chance to find us out, and smell the Jet;  
' I must be a dead Woman at the least.

Let that, quoth *Nicholas*, ne'er vex your Head;  
He must be a meer learned Ass indeed,  
And very foolishly besets his Wile,  
Who cannot a dull Carpenter beguile.  
And thus they were accorded, thus they swore  
To wait the Time, as I have said before.  
And now, when *Nicholas* had wore away  
The pleasant Time in harmeless am'rous Play,

---

† St. Thomas Becket.

## 88 *Miscellany Poems.*

To his melodious *Psaltery* he flew,  
Play'd Tunes of Love, by which his Passion grew,  
Then printed on her Lips a dear *Adieu.*

It happen'd thus, I cannot rightly tell,  
If it on *Easter* or on *Whitson* fell;  
That on a Holyday, this modest Dame  
To Church, with other honest Neighbours, came,  
In a good Fit, to hear the Parson preach  
What the Divine Apostles us'd to teach.  
Bright was her Forehead, and no Summer's Day  
Shone half so clear, so tempting, and so gay.

Now to this Parish did a *Clerk* belong,  
Who many a time had rais'd a Holy Song.  
His Name was *Absalom*, a silly Man,  
Who curl'd his Hair, which strutt'd like a Fan,  
And from his jolly, pert, and empty Head,  
In Golden Ringlets on his Shoulders spread.  
His Face was red, his Eyes as grey as *Goose*,  
With St. *Paul's* Windows figur'd on his Shoes.  
Full properly he walk'd, in Scarlet Hose;  
But light, and Silver-colour'd were his Cloths,  
And Surplice white as Blossoms on the *Rose.*  
Thick Poynts and Tassels did the Coxcomb please,  
And fetously they dangled on his Knees.  
He could let Blood, and shave your Beard or Head,  
But a meer *Barber Surgeon* by his Trade.

Nay,

Nay, he could write and read, and that is more,  
Than twenty Parish Clerks could do before.  
Nay, he could fill a Bond, and learnt from France,  
In thirty Motions how to trip and dance ;  
Could brisk and toss his twirling Legs in Air,  
Nice were his Feet, and trod it to a Hair.  
Songs would he play, and not to hide his Wit,  
Would squeak a Treble to his squawling Kit.  
His Dress was finical, his Music queer,  
And pleas'd a Tapster's Eyes, or Drawer's Ear.  
No Tavern, Brew-house, Ale-house in the Town,  
Was to the gentle *Absalon* unknown :  
But he was very careful of his Wind,  
And never let it sally out behind.  
To give the Devil his Due, he had an Art,  
By civil Speech, to win a Lady's Heart.

This *Absalon*, so jolly, spruce and gay,  
Went with the Censer on the Sabbath Day.  
He swung the Incense Pot with comely Grace,  
But chiefly would he fume a pretty Face.  
His wanton Eye, which ev'ry where he cast,  
Dwelt on the Carpenter's fine Dame at last.  
So sweet and proper was his lovely Wife,  
That he could freely gaze away his Life.  
Were he a Cat, this pretty Mouse would feel  
Too soon his Talons, a delicious Meal.

And

And now had *Cupid* shot a piercing Dart,  
And wet the Feathers in his wounded Heart.  
No Off'ring of the handsome Wives he took,  
He wanted nothing but a smiling Look,  
The Parish Fees refus'd, and said, the Light  
Of the fair Moon shines brightest in the Night.  
Soon as the *Cock* had bid the Morning rise,  
The smitten Lover to his *Fiddle* flies :  
A hideous Noise his squeaking *Trilles* make,  
And all the drowsy Neighbourhood awake.  
At the lov'd House some am'rous Tunes he play'd,  
And thus with g-ntle Voice he sung, or said :  
*Now, dear Lady, if I by Will be,*  
*I pray you that you'll pity me.*  
And twenty such complaining Notes he sung,  
Alike the *Music* of his *Kit*, and Tongue.  
At this the staring *Carpenter* awoke,  
And thus his Wife, fair *Alison*, bespoke :  
*Art Thou asleep, or art Thou deaf, my Dear?*  
*And cannot *Absalon* at Window hear?*  
How with his Serenade he charms us all,  
Chanting melodiously beneath our Wall ?  
Yes, yes, I hear him, *Alison* reply'd,  
Too well, God wot ; and then she turn'd aside.  
Thus went Affairs, 'till *Absalon*, alas !  
Was a lost Creature, a mere whining *Ass*.

## Miscellany Poems. 91

All Night he wakes, and sighs, and wears away  
On his broad Locks and Dress the live-long Day.  
To such a Height his doating Fondness grew,  
To kiss the Ground, and wipe her very Shoe.  
Where'er she went, he like a Slave persu'd,  
With spiced Ale, and sweet Metheglin woo'd.  
All Dainties he could rap and rend, he got,  
And sent her Tarts and Custards piping hot.  
He spar'd no Cost for an expensive Treat,  
Of Mead and Cyder, and all Sorts of Meat.  
Throbbing he sings with his lamenting Throat,  
And rivals Philomela's mournful Note.  
With Rigour some, and some with gentle Arts,  
Have found a Passage to young Ladies Hearts :  
Some Wealth has won, and some have had the Lot  
To fall enamour'd of a treating Sot.

Sometimes he Scaramouched it on high,  
And Harlequin'd it with Activity ;  
Betrays the Lightness of his empty Head,  
And how he could cut Capers in a Bed.  
But neither this nor that the Damsel move,  
For Nicholas has swept the Stakes of Love.  
The Parish Clerk has nothing met but Scorn,  
And may go Fiddle now, or blow his Horn.  
Thus gentle Absalon is made her Ape,  
And all his Passion turn'd into a Jape :

All  
For

92 *Miscellany Poems.*

For *Nicholas* is always in her Eye ;  
True, says the Proverb, that the *Nigh* are *Sly*.  
A distant Love may Disappointment find,  
*For out of Sight is ever out of Mind.*  
The Scholar was at hand, as I have told,  
And gave the Parish Clerk the *Dog to hold*.  
Now *Nicholas* thy Craft and Cunning try,  
*That Absalon may de Profundis cry.*

Now when this Carpenter was call'd away,  
To work at *Odney*, on a certain Day ;  
The subtle Scholar, and his wanton Spouse,  
Were decently contriving for his Brows :  
Agreed, that *Nicholas* should shape a Wile,  
Her addle-pated Husband to beguile.  
And if so be the Game succeeded right,  
She then would sleep within his Arms all Night :  
For both were in this one Desire concern'd,  
Alike they suffer'd, and alike they burn'd.  
Strait a new Thought lesp'd cross the Scholar's Head,  
Who at that instant to his Chamber fled :  
But to relieve his Thirst and Hunger bore,  
Of Meat and Liquor, a substantial Store,  
And virtuall'd it for a long Day or more.  
*Aho, should your Husband ask for Us, (quoth he)*  
*Reply in scorn, What's *Nicholas* to Me ?*

Am.

Am I his Keeper? help your silly Head!  
Perhaps the Man is mad, asleep, or dead.  
My Maid indeed has thump'd this Hour or more,  
And knock'd, as if she'd thunder down the Door:  
But He, a moaping Drone, no Answer gave,  
Fast as a Church, and silent as the Grave.

Thus did one *Saturday* entire consume,  
Since *Nicholas* had lock'd him in his Room;  
Nor was he idle; for no *Lent* he kept,  
But eat, like other Men, and drank and slept;  
Did what he list, till the next Sun was new,  
And went to Rest, as common Mortals do.

This Carpenter was in a grievous Pain,  
Lest *Nicholas* should over-work his Brain;  
By Study lose his Reason or his Life —  
Well, by St. *Thomas*, I don't like it, Wife.  
The World we live in is a ticklish Place,  
And sudden Death has often stop'd our Race.  
I saw a Coarse, as to the Church it past,  
And the poor Man at work but *Monday* last.  
Run, *Dick*, quoth he, run speedily up Stairs,  
Thump at the Door, and see how stand Affairs.  
Up strait he runs, like any Tempest flies,  
And knocks, and bawls, and like a Madman cries:

Hoh!

Hoh ! Master *Nicholas*, what mean you thus  
To sleep all Night and Day, and frighten Us?  
He might as well have whistled to the Wind,  
As from good *Nicholas* an Answer find.

At last he spy'd a Hole, full low, and deep,  
Where usually the Cat was wont to creep ;  
Here was discover'd, to his wond'ring Sight,  
The Scholar gazing with his Eyes upright,  
As if intent upon the Stars and Moon :  
And down runs he, to tell his Master soon,  
In what array he saw this studious Man :  
The Carpenter to cross himself began ;  
And cry'd, St. *Frideswid*, help us one and all !  
Little we know what Fate shall us befall.  
This Man with his Astronomy is got  
Into some Frenzy, and stark mad, God wot.  
This comes of poring on his cunning Books,  
Of his Moon-snuffing, and Star-peeping Looks.  
Why should a silly Earth-born Mortal pry  
On Heav'n, and search the Secrets of the Sky ?  
Well fare those Men, who no more Learning need,

(Creed,

Than what's contain'd in the Lord's Pray'r and  
Scholars sufficient, if they can but read !  
Thus far'd a sage Philosopher \* of Old,  
Who walking out, as 'tis in Story told,

\* Thales.

Was so much with Astronomy bewitch'd,  
That his Star-gazing Clerkship was beditch'd.

III Luck attends the Man, who looks too high,  
And can a Star, but not a Marlpit spy.

But, by St. Thomas, this shall never pass ;  
Too well I love this gentle *Nicholas*.  
I'll ferret him, unless the Devil's in it,  
From his brown Fit of Study in a Minute.

Robin, let's try if that an Iron Pur  
And your strong Back can make this Scholar stir.  
Now *Robin* was a Lad of Brawn and Bones,  
And by the Hasp heav'd up the Door at once,  
Which in the Chamber fell with dreadful Sound,  
As would a Man, like you or me, astound.  
But *Nicholas* did nothing do but stare,  
And, like a Statue, gape into the Air.

This Carpenter was in a piteous Fear,  
Because he did not, or he would not hear ;  
Thought some deep Melancholy had impair'd  
His Brain, and that of Mercy he despair'd ;  
For which the Student in his Arms he took  
With might and main, and by the Shoulders shook ;  
Cry'd, *Nicholas*, awake ! what ? not a Word ?  
Look down, despair not — think upon the Lord !

Then

96 *Miscellany Poems.*

Then the Night-Spell he mumbled to himself ;  
 Bless Thee from Fiends, and ev'ry wicked Elf !  
 He crost the Threshold, where a Devil might creep,

And each small Hole, through which an Imp might  
 With solemn *Pater Nosters* blest the Door,  
 And *Ave Mary's* after and before.

At this the Clerk sent forth a heavy Sigh,  
 With Tears, and woful Tone began to cry — }  
 And shall this World be lost so soon ? Ah ! why ? }

What do I hear ? the Carpenter reply'd,  
 What say'st Thou, *Nich'las* ? Sure Thou art beside  
 Thy self : Serve God, as we poor Lab'rers do,  
 And then no Harm, no Danger will ensue.

Ah ! Friend, quoth *Nicholas*, You little think  
 What I can tell ; but first let's have some Drink.  
 Then, my dear Host, Thou shalt in private learn  
 Some certain Things, which Thee and Me concern.  
 It shall no Mortal but your self avail ;

Then feteh a *Winchester* of mighty Ale.  
 And now when both had drank an equal Share,  
 Cries *Nicholas*, sit down, and draw your Chair.  
 But first, sweet Landlord, you must take an Oath,  
 To no Man living to betray the Troth :  
 For, trust me, what I'm going to relate  
 Is *Revelation*, and as sure as Fate :

## Miscellany Poems. 97

And if you tell, this Vengeance will ensue,  
No Hare in March will be so mad as You.

Nay, quoth mine Host, I am no Blab, not I,  
And hang me, if you catch me in a Lie.  
I would not tell, tho' 'twere to save my Life,  
To Chick or Child, to Man, or Maid, or Wife.

Now, John, quoth Nicholas, I will not hide  
What by my Art I have of late descry'd;  
How, as I por'd upon fair Cynthia's Light,  
Should fall, on Monday next, at Quarter Night,  
A Rain, so sudden, and so long to boot,  
That Noah's Flood was but a Spoonful to't.  
This World within the Compas of an Hour  
Shall all be drown'd, so hideous is the Show'r,  
As will the Cattle, and Mankind devon.  
Cries then this silly Man, Alas, my Wife!  
My Bosom-comfort, and my better Life!  
And must She drown, and perish with the rest?  
My Alison, the Darling of my Breast?

(Grief.)  
At this well nigh he swoon'd, o'erwhelm'd with  
Fetch'd a deep Sigh, And is there no Relief,  
No Remedy, he cry'd, no Succour left?  
Are we, alas! of ev'ry Hope bereft?  
No, by no Means, quoth this designing Clerk,  
Be of good Heart, and by Instruction work:

## 98 *Miscellany Poems.*

For if by *Nicholas* you will be led,  
And build no Castles in your own wild Head,  
None so secure; for *Solomon* says true,  
*Work all by Council, and you cannot rue.*  
If you'll be govern'd, and be rul'd by me,  
I'll undertake to save thy Wife and Thee;  
By my own Art against the Flood prevail,  
And make no use of either Mast or Sail.

(naught,  
Have you not heard, how, when the World was  
*Noah* by Heav'ly Inspiration taught —  
Ay, ay, quoth *John*, I've in my Bible found,  
That once upon a Time the World was drown'd.  
Hast thou not heard how *Noah* was concern'd  
For his dear Wife, and how his Bowels yearn'd,  
'Till he had built and furnish'd out a Bark,  
And lodg'd her with her Children in the Ark?  
Now Expedition is the Soul and Life  
Of Business; if you love your Self, or Wife,  
Run, fly — for in this Case it is a Crime  
To loiter, or to lose an Inch of Time.  
For *Alison*, your self, and me provide  
Three kneading Troughs, to sail upon the Tide:  
But take most special Care, that they be large,  
In which a Man may swim, as in a Barge.  
Let them be victuall'd well, and see you lay  
Sufficient Stores against a rainy Day;

Enough

Enough to serve you twenty Hours, and more,  
For then the Flood will 'swage, and not before. *ed*  
But one Thing let me whisper in your Ear,  
Let not thy sturdy Servant *Robin* hear, *own hood*  
Nor bonny *Gillian* know what I relate; *thill red*  
I must not utter the Decrees of *Fate*. *ent Ha 12*  
Ask me not Reasons why I cannot save *T* *sue* *12*  
Your trusty serving Maid, and honest *Knave*: *W*  
Suffice it Thee, unless thy Wits be mad, *no 33*  
To have as great a Grace as *Noah* had. *ed flum 11A*  
Do you make haste, and mind the grand *Affair*;  
To save your Wife shall be my proper Care. *12*  
But when these kneading Tubs are ready made,  
Which may secure us, when the Floods invade;  
See that you hang them in the Roof full high,  
That none our Providential Plot descry: *ent 6T*  
And when thou hast convey'd sufficient Store  
Of Meats and Drink, as I have said before,  
And put a sharpen'd Ax in ev'ry Boat,  
To cut the Cord, and set us all afloat: *wed 12*  
Then thro' the *Gable* of the House, which lies *11*  
Above the Stable, and the Garden spies, *qqA 110*  
Break out a Hole, so very large and wide, *11 10*  
Thro' which our Tubs may sail upon the Tide. *11A*

Then wilt thou so much Mirth and Pleasure take  
In swimming, as the white Duck and the Drake.

## 100 *Miscellany Poems.*

Then will I cry, Hoh ! *Alison*, and *John*,  
Be merry, for the Flood will pass anon.  
Then wilt thou answer, *Master Nicholas*,  
Good morrow, for I see it is broad Day.  
Then shall we reign, as Emperors for Life,  
O'er all the World, like *Noah*, and his Wife.  
But one Thing I almost forgot to tell  
Which now comes in my Head, (and mark me well)  
That on that very Night we go aboard,  
All must be hush'd, and whisper not a Word;  
But all the Time employ our holy Mind  
In earnest Pray'rs, for thus has Heav'n injoin'd.

You and your Wife must take a sep'rate Place,  
Nor is there any Sin in such a Case.  
To morrow Night, when Men are fast asleep,  
We to our Kneading Tubs will flyly creep:  
There will we sit, each in his Ship apart,  
And wait the Deluge with a patient Heart.  
Go now ; I have no longer Time to spare  
In Sermoning, use expeditious Care:  
Your Apprehension needs no more Advice ;  
One single Word's sufficient for the Wife:  
And none, dear Landlord, can your Wit inform;  
Go, save our Lives from this impending Storm.  
Away hies *John*, with melancholy Look,  
And sigh'd, and groan'd, at ev'ry Step he took.

## Miscellany Poems. 101

To Alison he does his Fate deplore,  
And tells a Secret which she knew before :  
But yet she trembled, like an *Aspen Leaf*,  
And seem'd to perish with dissembled Grief ;  
Crying, Alas ! what shall I do ? — Be gone —  
Help us to 'scape, or we are all undone.  
I am thy true and very wedded Wife,  
Go, dear, dear Spouse, and help to save my Life.

What strong Impressions does Affection give ?  
By Fancy Men have often ceas'd to live.  
How'er absurd Things in themselves appear,  
Weak Minds are apt to credit what they fear.

This silly Carpenter is almost Wood,  
And thinks of nothing else but Noah's Flood ;  
Believes he sees it, and begins to quake,  
And all for Alison, his Honey's Sake.  
He's over-run with Sorrows and with Fear,  
And sends forth many a Groan, and many a Tear.  
A Kneading Trough, a Tub, and \* Kemeling,  
He gets by Stealth, and sends them to his Inn.  
He makes three Ladders, whence he climbs aloof,  
And privately he hangs them in the Roof.

---

\* Brewer's Vessel.

But first he victuall'd them, both Trough, and Tub,  
 With Bread and Cheese, and Bottles fill'd with  
 Enough o'Conscience to relieve their Fast,  
 And be sufficient for a Day's Repast.

But e'er this Preparation had been made,  
 He sent to *London* both his Man and Maid,  
 On certain Matters, which concern'd his Trade.

And now came on the fatal *Munday Night*,  
 Barr'd are the Doors, out goes the Candle-light :  
 And when all Things in readiness were set,  
 These Three their Ladders take, and up they get.  
 Now *Pater Noster*, \* *clum*, said *Alison*,  
 And *clum*, quoth *Nicholas*, and *clum*, quoth *John*.  
 This Carpenter his *Orisons* did say,  
 For Men in Fear are very apt to pray.  
 Silent he waited, when the Skies would pour  
 This unaccountable, and dismal Show'r.

And now at † *Curfew Time*, dead Sleep began  
 To fall upon this easy, simple Man;

\* *A Note of Silence.*

† *Curfew*, WILLIAM the Conqueror, in the first Year  
 of his Reign, commanded that in every Town and Village a  
 Bell should be rung every Night, at Eight of the Clock; and  
 that all People should then put out their Fire and Candle, and  
 go to Bed. The Ringing of this Bell was call'd *Curfew*,  
 that is, *Cover Fire*.

Who,

Who, after so much Care and Business past,  
And spent with sad Concern, was quickly fast.  
Soft down the Ladder stole this loving Pair,  
Good *Nicholas*, and *Alison* the Fair.  
Then, without speaking, to the Bed they creep  
Of *John*, poor Cuckold ! who was fast asleep.  
There all the Night they revel, sport, and toy,  
And act the merry Scene of am'rous Joy ;  
'Till that the Bell of *Lauds* began to ring,  
And the fat Friars in the Chancel sing.

The Parish Clerk, this am'rous *Absalom*,  
Who over Head and Ears in Love is gone,  
At *Osney* happen'd with a jovial Crew  
To spend the Monday, as they us'd to do ;  
There pulls a certain Friar by the Sleeve,  
With Pardon begg'd, and, Father, by your Leave,  
When saw you *John* the Carpenter, he cries ?  
Last Saturday, the *Cliffler* replies,  
Since when I have not seen him with these Eyes ;  
Perhaps abroad he's playing fast and loose ;  
Or fetching Timber for the Abbot's Use,  
And lodges at the *Graunge* a Day or two ;  
Or else at Home — I know no more than you.

This made *Nab's* boiling Blood with Pleasure  
The News rejoic'd the Cockles of his Heart.

Now is my Time, thinks he ; the Moon is bright,  
Nor care I, if I travel all the Night ;  
For at his Door, since Day began to spring,  
I've seen, like him, no kind of Man or Thing.

It is resolv'd ; to *Alison* I'll go,  
When the first Morning Cock begins to crow ;  
And to her Window privately repair ;  
Then knock, and tell her my tormenting Care.  
I'll open all my Breast, and ease my Heart,  
For 'tis too much to bear Love's stinging Smart.  
Some little Comfort sure I shall not miss,  
At least she'll grant the Favour of a Kiss.  
My Mouth has itch'd all Day, from whence it seems  
That I shall kiss : Besides my pleasant Dreams  
Of Feasts and Banquets, whence a Man may guess  
That I may haply meet with some Success :  
But for an Hour or two before I go,  
I'll first refresh me with a Nap, or so,

Now the first Cock had wak'd from his Repose  
The jolly *Absalom*, and up he rose.  
But first he dresses finical and gay,  
And looks like any *Beau*, at Church or Play,  
And brisk as Bridegroom on a Wedding Day.  
Nicely he combs the Ringlets of his Hair,  
And wash'd with Rose-water, looks fresh and fair :

Then

Then with his Finger he her Window twang'd,  
Whisper'd a gentle Tone, and thus harangu'd.

Sweet Alison, my Honey-comb, my Dear,  
My Bird, my Cinnamon, your Lover hear.  
Awake, and speak one Word before I part ;  
But one kind Word, the Balsam to my Heart.

Little you think, alas ! the mighty Woe,  
Which for the Love of Thee I undergo.  
For Thee I swelter, and for Thee I sweat,  
And mourn as Lambkins for the Mother's Teat.  
Nor false my Grief, nor does the Turtle Dove  
Lament more truly, or more truly love.

I cannot eat nor drink, and all for Thee —  
Get from my Window, you Jack Fool, said she ;  
I love another of a different Hue  
From such a silly Dunder-head as you.  
If you stand talking at that foolish Rate,  
My Chamber-pot shall be about your Pate.

Be gone, you empty Sot, and let me sleep —  
At this poor Absalon began to weep,  
And his hard Fate with Sighs and Groans deplore,  
Was ever faithful Love thus serv'd before ?

Since then, my Sweet, what I desire's in vain,  
Let me but one small Boon, a Kiss, obtain.  
And will you then be gone, nor loiter here,  
Quoth Alison ? Ay certainly, my Dear !

Make ready then —— Now, *Nicholas*, lie still;  
 'Tis such a Jest that you shall laugh your fill.

Ravish'd with Joy, *Nab* fell upon his Knees,  
 The happiest Man alive in all Degrees;  
 In silent Raptures he began to cry,  
*No Lord in Europe is so blest as I.*  
*I may expect more Favours; for a Kiss*  
*Is an Assurance of a further Bliss.*  
 The Window now unclasp'd, with slender Voice,  
 Cries *Alison*, be quick, and make no Noise;  
 I would not for the World our Neighbours hear,  
 For they're made up of Jealousy and Fear.

Then silken Handkerchief from Pocket came,  
 To wipe his Mouth full clean to kiss the Dame.  
 Dark was the Night, as any Cole or Pitch,  
 When at the Window she clap'd out her Breech.  
 The *Parish Clerk* ne'er doubted what to do,  
 But ask'd no Questions, and in haste fell to.  
 On her blind Side full savourly he prest  
 A loving Kiss, e'er he smelt out the Jest.  
 Aback he starts, for he knew well enough,

(rough)  
 That Women's Lips are smooth, but these were  
*What have I done*, quoth he? and rav'd and star'd,  
*Ah me! I've kiss'd a Woman with a Beard.*

He curs'd the Hour, and rail'd against the Stars,  
That he was born to kiss my Lady's ———  
" Then she cry'd, and clap'd the Window close,  
While Absalon with Grief and Anger goes  
To meditate Revenge ; and to requite  
The foul Affront, he would not sleep that Night.

And now with Dust, with Sand, with Straw, with  
He scrubs and rubs the Kisses from his Lips.  
Oft would he say, *Alas ! O basest Evil !*  
Than meet with this Disgrace so damn'd uncivil  
I rather had went headlong to the Devil  
To kiss a Woman's ——— ! Oh ! it can't be born !  
But by my Soul I'll be aveng'd by Morn.

Hot Love, the Proverb says, grows quickly cold,  
And Absalon's no more an am'rous Fool :  
For since his Purpose was so foully craft,  
He gains his Quiet, tho' his Love is lost ;  
And, cur'd of his Distemper, can defy  
All whining Coxcombs with a scornful Eye ;  
But for meer Anger, as he pass'd the Street,  
He wept, as does a School-boy, when he's beat.  
In a soft, doleful Pace at last he came  
To an old *Vulcan*, *Teruis* was his Name. *He* *thi* *W*

\* A Note of Laughter.

Who.

198. *Miscellany ROMS.*

Who late and early at the Forge turmoil'd,  
In hammering Iron Bars, and Plough-shares, toil'd.  
Higher repair'd, by One or Two a Clock,  
Poor Absalon, and gave an easy Knock.  
Who's there that knocks so late, Sir Jarvis cries?  
'Tis I, the pensive Absalon replies,  
Open the Door. What, Absalon, quoth he?  
The Parish Clerk. Ah! Benedicite.  
Where hast thou been? Some pretty Girl, I wot,  
Has l'd you out so late upon the Trot.  
Some merry Meeting on the Wenching Score;  
You know my Meaning — but I'll say no more.

This Absalon another Distaff drew,  
And had more Tow to spin than Jarvis knew:  
He minded not a Bean of all he said,  
For other Things employ'd his careful Head.  
At last he Silence breaks, Dear friend, he cries,  
Lend's that hot Pur, which in the Chimney lies:  
I have Occasion for't, no Questions ask,  
To bring it back again shall be my Task.

With all my Heart, quoth Jarvis, were it Gold,  
Or splendid Nobles in a Purse untold;  
With all my Heart, as I'm an honest Smith,  
I'll lend it Thee; but what wilt do therewith?

For that, quoth *Absalon*, nor care, nor sorrow,  
I'll give a good Account of it to morrow.  
Then up the Culter in his Hand he caught,  
Tripp'd out with silent Pace, and wicked Thought.  
Red-hot it was, as any burning Coal,  
With which to *burn* the Carpenter's he stole.  
There first he cough'd, and, as his usual wont,  
Up to the Window came, and tapp'd upon't.  
Who's there, quoth *Alison*? Some Midnight Rook,  
Some Thief, I warrant, with a hanging Look.  
Ah! God forbid, quoth this dissembling Elf,  
'Tis *Absalon*, my Life! my better self!  
A rich Gold Ring I've to my Darling brought,  
By a known Graver exquisitely wrought:  
Beside a Posie, most divinely writ:  
By a fam'd Poet, and notorious Wit.  
My Mother gave it me, ('tis wond'reous fine),  
She clap'd it on my Finger, I on thine,  
If thou wilt deign the Favour of a Kiss — — —  
Now *Nicholas* by chance rose up to piss;  
Thinking to better, and improve the Jeſt,  
He should salute his Breech, before the rest,  
With eager Haste, and secret Joy he went;  
And his Posteriors out at Window sent.  
Here *Absalon*, the Wag, with subtle Tone,  
Whispers, my Love! my Soul! my *Alison*!

Speak,

110 *Miscellany Poems.*

Speak, my sweet Bird, I know not where thou art—  
At this the Scholar let a rouzing Fart ;  
So loud the Noise, as frightful was the Stroke,  
As Thunder, when it splits the sturdy Oak.  
The Clerk was ready, and with hearty Gust  
The red-hot Iron in his Buttocks thrust.

(flew,  
Straight off the Skin, like shrivell'd Parchment,  
His Breech as raw as Saint *Bartholomew*.  
The Culter had so sing'd his hinder Part,  
He thought he should have dy'd for very Smart.  
In a mad Fit about the Room he ran,  
*Help, Water, Water*, for a dying Man.

The Carpenter, as one besides his Wits,  
Starts at the dreadful Sound, and up he gets.  
The Name of Water rouz'd him from his Sleep ;  
He rubb'd his Eye-lids, and began to peep.  
Alas ! thought he, now comes the fatal Hour,  
And from the Clouds does *Noah's Deluge* pour.  
Up then he fits, and without more ado,  
He takes his Ax, and smites the Cord in two.  
Down goes the Bread, and Ale, and Cheese, and all,  
And *John* himself had a confounded Fall :  
Drop'd from the Roof upon the Floor, astoun'd  
He lies, as dead, and swims upon dry Ground.

Then

## Miscellany Poems. III

Then *Nicholas*, to play the Counterfeir,  
With *Alison*, cries *Murder* in the Street.

In came the Neighbours pouring, like the Tide,  
To know the Reason why was *Murder* cry'd.  
There they beheld poor *John*, a gasping Man ;  
Shut were his Eyes, his Face was pale and wan :  
Batter'd his Sides, and broken was his Arm ;  
But stand it out he must to his own Harm.  
For when he aim'd to speak in his Defence,  
They bore him down, and baffled all his Sense.  
They told the People that the Man was Wood,  
And dream'd of nothing else, but *Noah's Flood*.  
His heated Fancy of this *Deluge* rung,  
That to the Roof three kneading Troughs he hung.  
With which in Danger he design'd to swim,  
And we, forsooth, must carry on the Whim :  
He begg'd, and pray'd, and so we humour'd him.

At hearing this, the sneering Neighbours gave  
An universal Shout, and hideous Laugh.  
Now on the Roof, and now on *John* they gape,  
And all his Earnest turn into a Jape.  
He swore against the Scholar and his Wife,  
And never look'd so foolish in his Life.  
Whate'er he speaks, the People never mind ;  
His Oaths are nothing, and his Words are Wind.

Thus.

## 112 · *Miscellany Poems.*

Thus all consent to scoff each serious Word,  
And John remain'd a Cuckold on Record.

Thus Doors of Brass, and Bars of Steel, are vain,  
And watchful Jealousie, and carking Pain,  
Is fruitless all, when a good-natur'd Spouse  
Designs Preferment for her Husband's Brows.  
Thus Alison her Cuckold does desie,  
And Absalom has kiss'd her nether Eye ;  
While Nicholas is scalded in the Breech,  
My Tale is done ; God save us all, and each !



THE

THE  
FEMALE REIGN:  
AN  
ODE,

Alluding to  
Horace, Book 4. Ode 14.  
Quæ Cura Patrum, quæve Quiritum, &c.

---

With a Letter to a Gentleman in the University.

---

SIR,



HIS comes to Congratulate  
You on the agreeable News  
of some late extraordinary  
Successes, which have bless'd  
the Arms of Her Majesty,  
and Her Allies. I leave you  
to the printed Papers for a particular Account  
of

of those Actions, which have surpriz'd the World; and, we hope, given the last Stroke to the languishing Power of the Common Enemy of Europe. They will furnish noble Topics for the Wits of an University, like yours, who can embellish (if that can be done) the Glories of a Female Reign, with a juster Sublimity of Verse, than what you will find in the following Performance, which was written several Months ago, and not run over with a hasty Negligence. The Ode, from whence I take my Hint, is accounted by some Critics not inferior to the 4th of the same Book, which begins thus;

Qualem Ministrum Fulminis Alitem, &c.

And was written in Compliment to Augustus, on occasion of a famous Victory gain'd by Tiberius, as this, which I have aim'd to imitate, was written on the Praise of Claudius Nero. I need not inform Men of your Reading and Letters what occasion'd both. The Poet, as he does in almost all his Odes, has shewn a peculiar Artfulness and Elegance, and turns all the Panegyric on the Emperor, (who was not in the Action) with, *Te Concilium, & tuos præbente Divos.* If you ask where-  
ie I have trod in the Steps of Horace, you will find it in the Beginning. I have only kept him in view, and used him only where

he was serviceable to my Design. He took the same Liberty with Alcæus, as appears from some Fragments of that Greek Lyric, quoted by Athenæus. In my Digressions and Transitions, I have taken care to play always in sight, and make every one of them contribute to my main Design. This was the Way of Pindar; to read whom, according to Rapin, will give a truer Idea of the Ode, than all the Rules and Reflections of the best Critics. I will not pretend to have div'd into him over Head and Ears; but I have endeavon'd to have made my self not the greatest Stranger to his Manner of writing; which generally consists in the Dignity of the Sentiments, and an elegant Variety, which makes the Reader rise up with greater Satisfaction than he sate down: And that which affects the Mind in Compositions of any sort, will never be disagreeable to a Gentleman of Ingenuity and Judgment. I have avoided Turns, as thinking that they debase the Loftiness of the Ode. You will easily perceive whether I have reach'd that acer Spiritus. & Vis, recommended by Horace, as the Genius of Poetry. Whether you will call the following Lines a Pindaric Ode, or Irregular Stanza's, gives me no Disturbance: For however the seeming Wildness of this sort of Verse ought to be restrain'd, the Strophe, Antistrophe, &c. will never bear in English; and it would shew a strange Debauchery

## 116 *Miscellany Poems.*

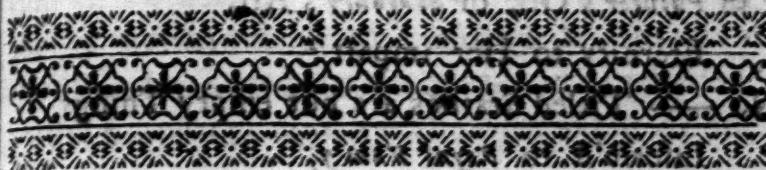
bauchery in our Taste, if it should, as may be witness'd by the servile Imitation of the Dactyles and Spondees used by Sir P. Sidney. But to make an End of this tedious Epistle: You will see through the Whole, that Her MAJESTY is the Chief Heroine of the Ode; and the Moral, at the End, shews the solid Glories of a Reign, which is not founded on a pretended Justice, or criminal Magnanimity.

Yours, &c.

S. COBB.



THE



THE  
FEMALE REIGN:

O D E.

Attempted in the Style of Pindar.

I.

WHAT can the British Senate give,  
To make the Name of *M. N. N.* live?  
By future People to be sung,  
The Labour of each grateful Tongue.  
Can faithful Registers, or Rhyme,  
In charming Eloquence, or sprightly Wit,  
The *Wonders of Her Reign* transmit  
To th'unborn Children of succeeding Time?

Can

## 118 *Miscellany Poems.*

Can Painter's Oil, or Statuary's Art,  
Eternity to Her impart?  
No — Titled Statues are but empty Things,  
Inscrib'd to *Royal Vanity*,  
The Sacrifice of Flattery  
To Lawless Nero's, or Bourbonian Kings.  
True Virtue to her kindred Stars aspires,  
Does all our Pomp of Stone and Verse surpass,  
And mingling with Eterial Fires,  
No useless Ornament requires,  
From Speaking Colours, or from Breathing Brass.

### II.

Greatest of Princes! where the wand'ring Sun  
Does o'er Earth's habitable Regions roll,  
From th'Eastern Barriers to the Western Goal,  
— And sees Thy Race of Glory run  
With Swiftness equal to his own.  
Thee on the Banks of *Flandrian Scaldis* sings  
The jocund Swain, releas'd from *Gallic* Fear:  
The *English Voice* unus'd to hear,  
Thee the repeating Banks, Thee ev'ry Valley rings,  
The *Gaul*, untaught to bear the Flames  
Of those who drink the *Mæse* or *Thames*,

From

From the *Britannick* Valour flies,  
No longer able to withstand  
The Thunderbolt launch'd by a *Female Hand*,  
Or Lightning darter from Her Eyes.

III.

What treble Ruin Pious *ANNA* brings  
On False Electors, Perjur'd Kings,  
Let the twice *Fugitive Bavarian* tell ;  
Who, from his *Airy* Hope of better State,  
By Lust of Sway, irregularly Great,  
Like an *Apostate Angel*, fell :  
Who, by *Imperial* Favour rais'd,  
I' th' highest Rank of Glory blaz'd ;  
And had till now, unrivall'd, shone  
More than a King, contented with his own.  
But *Lucifer's* bold Steps he trod,  
Who durst assault the Throne of *GOD*,  
And for contented Realms of blissful Light,  
Gain'd the sad Privilege to be  
The *First* in solid Misery,  
Monarch of *Hell*, and *Woes*, and *endless Night*.  
*Corruption of the Best is Worst*,  
And foul Ambition, like an evil Wind,  
Blight the fair Blossoms of a noble Mind ;  
And if a *Seraph* fall, He's doubly curs'd.

IV. Had

120 *Miscellany Poems.*

IV.

Had *Guile* and *Pride*, and *Envy* grown  
In the black *Groves* of *Styx* alone,  
Nor ever had on Earth the *hateful Crop* been sown;  
The *Swain*, without *Amaze*, had till'd  
The *Flandrian Glebe*, a *guiltless Field*:  
Nor had he wonder'd, when he found  
The *Bones* of *Heroes* in the *Ground*.  
No *Crimson Streams* had lately swell'd  
The *Dyle*, the *Danube*, and the *Sebeld*.  
But *Evils* are of *necessary Growth*,  
To rouze the *Brave*, and banish *Sloth*.  
And some are born to win the *Stars*,  
By *Sweat*, and *Blood*, and *worthy Scars*.  
Heroic *Virtue* is by *Action* seen,  
And *Vices* serve to make it keen;  
And as *Gigantick Tyrants* rise,  
*NASSAU'S* and *ANNA'S* leave the *Skies*,  
The *Earth-born Monsters* to chastise;  
While *Cerberus* and *Hydra* grow  
For an *Aleides*, or a *MARLBOROUGH*.

V.

If, *Heav'nly Muse*, you burn with a *Desire*  
To praise the *Man* whom all *admire*;

Come *Wh*

## Miscellany POEMS. 121

Come from thy Learn'd Castalian Springs,  
And stretch aloft thy Pegasean Wings :  
Strike the loud Pindaric Strings,  
Like the Lark, who soars and sings ;  
And as you sail the liquid Skies,  
Cast on (a) Menapian Fields your weeping Eyes :  
For weep they surely must,  
To see the bloody Annual Sacrifice ;  
To think how the negletted Dust,  
Which, with Contempt, is basely trod,  
Was once the Limbs of Captains, Brave and Just,  
The Mortal Part of some Great DEMI-GOD ;  
Who for thrice fifty Years of stubborn War,  
With slaughter'ring Arms, the Gun and Sword,  
Have dug the mighty Sepulchre, and ho  
And fell as Martyrs on Record,  
Of Tyranny reveng'd, and Liberty restor'd.

### VI.

See, where at Audenard, with Heaps of Slain,  
Th' Heroic Man, inspir'dly Brave,  
Mowing across, bestrews the Plain,  
And with new Tenants crowds the wealthy Grave.  
His Mind unshaken at the frightful Scene,  
His Looks as cheerfully serene,  
The routed Battle to persue,  
As once adorn'd the Paphian Queen,  
When to her Thracian Paramour she flew.

F

The

## 122 *Miscellany Poems.*

The gath'ring Troops He kens from far,  
And, with a Bridegroom's Passion and Delight,  
Courting the War, and Glowing for the Fight,  
The new *Salmoneus* meets the *Celtic Thunderer*.  
Ah cursed Pride! Infernal Dream!  
Which drove him to this wild Extream,  
That *Dust* a *Deity* should seem;  
Be thought, as thro' the wond'ring Streets he rode,  
Th' *Immortal Man*, or *Mortal God*:  
With rattling Bras, and trampling Horse,  
Should counterfeit th' *Inimitable Force*  
Of *Divine Thunder*: Horrid Crime!  
But *Vengeance* is the *Child of Time*,  
And will too surely be repay'd  
On his prophanè, *devoutè* Head,  
Who durst affront the Pow'rs above,  
And their Eternal Flames disgrace,  
Too fatal, brandish'd by the *Rightful Jov.*,  
Or *Pallas*, who supplies his Place.

### VII.

The *British Pallas*! who, as (b) Homer's did  
For her lov'd *Diomed*,  
Her Hero's Mind with Wisdom fills,  
And Heav'nly Courage in his Heart instills.

Hence

Hence thro' the thickest Squadrons does He ride,  
With ANN's Angels by his Side.

With what uncommon Speed  
He spurs his foaming, fiery Steed !  
And pushes on thro' midmost Fires,  
Where France's Fortune with her Sons retires.

Now here, now there, the sweepy Rain flies ;

(c) As when the Pleiades arise,  
The Southern Wind afflicts the Skies.

Then, muttering o'er the Deep, buffets th' unruly Brine,  
'Till Clouds and Water seem to join.

Or as a Dyke, cut by malicious Hands,  
O'erflows the fertile Netherlands ;  
Thro' the wide Yawn, th' impetuous Sea,  
Lavish of his new Liberty,  
Bestrides the Vale, and with tumultuous Noise,  
Bellows along the delug'd Plain,  
Destructive to the rip'ning Grain,  
For as th' Horizon he destroys :

The weeping Shepherd, from an Hill, bewails the  
(watry Reign.

VIII.

So rapid flows th'unprison'd Stream !  
So strong the Force of MINDELHEIM !  
In vain the Woods of Audenard  
Would shield the Gaul, a fenceless Guard.

## 124 *Miscellany Poems.*

As soon may Whirl-winds be with-held,  
As his Passage o'er the Scheld.  
In vain the Torrent would oppose,  
In vain arm'd Banks, and num'rous Foes,  
Who with inglorious haste retire,  
Fly faster than the River flows,  
And swifter than our Fire.

*Vendosme* from far upbraids their nimble Shame,

And pleads his Royal Master's Fame.  
By Conde's mighty Ghof, he cries,  
By Turenne, Luxemburg, and all  
Those noble Souls, who fell a Sacrifice  
At (d) Lens, at Fleurus, and at Landen Fight,  
Stop, I conjure, your ignominious Flight:  
But Fear is deaf to Honour's Call.  
Each frowning Threat and soothing Pray'  
Is lost in the regardless Air.

As well he may

The Billows of the Ocean stay,  
While CHURCHILL, like a driving Wind,  
Or high Spring-Tide, pursues behind,  
And with redoubled Speed urges their forward Way.

### IX.

Nor less, Eugenius, thy important Care,  
Thou Second Thunderbolt of War!

## Miscellany Poems. 125

Partner in Danger and in Fame,  
With Marlborough's the Winds shall bear  
To distant Colonies thy conqu'ring Name.

Nor shall the Muse forget to sing,  
From Harmony what Blessings spring :  
To tell how Death did *enviously* repine,  
To see a *Friendship* so divine ;  
When in a Ball's destroying Shape she past,  
And mark'd Thy threaten'd Brow at last :  
But durst not touch that Sacred Brain,  
Where the Concerns of *Europe* reign ;  
For straight she bow'd her ghastly Head ;  
She saw the *Mark of Heaven*, and fled.  
As cruel *Brennus* once, *insulting Gaul*,  
When he, at *Allia's fatal Flood*,  
Had fill'd the Plains with *Roman Blood*,  
With *conscious Awe* forsook the *Capitol*,  
Where *Jove*, Revenger of Prophaneness, stood.

### X.

But where the *Good* and *Brave* command,  
What *Capitol*, what *Castle* can withstand ?

*Virtue*, as well as *Gold*, can pass  
Thro' *Walls* of *Stone*, and *Tow'rs* of *Brass*.  
*LISLE*, like a *Mistress*, had been courted long,  
And always yielded to the *Bold* and *Young* ;

## 126 *Miscellany Poems.*

The fairest Progeny of *Vauban's* Art,  
'Till *Savoy's* warlike Prince withstood  
Her frowning Thunders, and thro' Seas of Blood  
Tore the bright Darling from th'old Tyrant's Heart.  
Such (e) *Buda* saw Him, when proud (f) *Apti* fell,  
*Unhappy, Valiant Infidel!*  
Who, vanquish'd by superior Strength,  
Surrender'd up his haughty Breath,  
Upon the *Breach* measuring his manly Length,  
And shun'd the *Bow-string* by a nobler Death.

### XI.

Such (g) *Harscham's* Field beheld Him in his Bloom,  
When *Victory* bespoke Him for her own,  
Her Favourite, Immortal Son,  
And told of better Years revolving on the Loom:  
How He should make the *Turkish Crescent* wane,  
And choak (h) *Tibiscus* with the Slain;  
While *Viziers* lay beneath the lofty Pile  
Of slaughter'd *Bassaws*, who o'er *Bassaws* roll'd,  
And all his num'rous Acts she told,  
From *Latian Corpi* down to *Flandrian LISLE*.  
Where ev'ry Day new Conquests should produce,  
Labour for Envy, and a Muse:  
Where, with her rattling Trumpet's Sound,  
*Fame* should shake the Hills around;

Should

Should tell how *WEBB*, nigh woody *Wynendale*,  
Argu'd each Inch of the *important* Ground.

So much in Virtue's Scale,  
True Valour Numbers can out-do,  
And *Thousands* are but *Cyphers* to a *Few*.

XII.

Honour with open Arms receives at last  
The Heroes, who thro' Virtue's Temple past ;  
And show'r's down Lawrels from above  
On those whom Heav'n and *ANNA* love.  
And some, not sparingly, she throws  
For the young *Eagles*, who could try  
The *Faith* and *Judgment* of the *Sky*,  
And dare the *Sun* with steady *Eye*,  
For *Hanover's* and *Prussia's* Brows,  
*Eugenies* in *bliss*, and *future Marlboroughs*.  
To *Hanover*, *Brunswiga's* Second Grace,  
Descendant from a long *Imperial* Race,  
The Muse directs an unaffected Flight,  
And prophesies, from so serene a Morn,  
To what clear Glories He is born,  
When blazing with a full *Meridian Light*,  
He shall the *British Hemisphere* adorn :

128 *Miscellany Poems.*

When *Mars* shall lay his batter'd Target down,  
And *He*, (since Death will never spare  
The Good, the Pious, and the Fair),  
In his ripe *Harvest* of Renown.  
Shall after his Great *Father* sit,  
(If Heav'n so long a Life permit)  
And having swell'd the flowing Tide  
Of Fame, which he in Arms shall get,  
The Purchase of an *honest* Sweat,  
Shall safe in stormy Seas *Britannia's Vessel* guide.

XIII.

*Britannia's Vessel*; which, in *ANNA's Reign*,  
And prudent *Piloty*, enjoys  
The Tempest, which the World destroys,  
And rides triumphant o'er the subje<sup>t</sup> Main,  
O may She soon a quiet Harbour gain!  
And sure the promis'd Hour is come,  
When in soft Notes the *peaceful* *Lyre*,  
Shall still the *Trumpet* and the *Drum*,  
Shall play what Gods and Men desire,  
And strike *Bellona's* Musick dumb.  
When *War*, by Parents curs'd, shall quit the Field,  
Unbuckle his bright Helmet, and to rest  
His weary Limbs, sit on his *idle* *Shield*,  
With Scars of Honour plow'd upon his Breast.

But

## Miscellany Poems. 129

But if the *Gallic Pharaoh's* stubborn Heart  
Grows fresh for Punishment, and hardens still,  
Prepar'd for th'irrecoverable ill.

(Part:

And force th' *Unwilling Skies* to act the last *Ungrateful*  
Thy Forces, *ANNA*, like a Flood, shall whelm  
(If Heav'n does *Scepter'd Innocence* maintain)

His famish'd, desolated Realm ;  
And all the Sons of *Pharamond* in vain  
(Who with *dishonest Envy* see  
The sweet *forbidden Fruits* of *distant Liberty*)  
Shall curse their rigid *Salic Law*, and wish a *Female*  
(*Reign*.)

### XIV.

A *FEMALE REIGN*, like Thine,  
*O ANNA*, British Heroine !  
To Thee afflicted Empires fly for Aid,  
Where'er Tyrannic Standards are display'd,  
From the wrong'd *Iber* to the threaten'd *Rhine*,  
Thee, where the *Golden-sanded Tagus* flows,  
Beneath fair (*i*) *Ulyssippo's* Walls,  
The frightened *Lusitanian* calls :  
Thee, they who drink the *Sein*, with those  
Who plow *Iberian* Fields, implore,  
To give the lab'ring World Repose,  
And *Universal Peace* restore.

## 130 MISCCELLANY POEMS.

Thee, *Gallia*, mournful to survive the Fate  
Of her fall'n Grandeur, and departed State,  
By sad Experience taught to own,  
That *Virtue* is a safer Way to rise,  
A shorter Passage to the Skies,  
Than *Pelion* upon *Offa* thrown :  
For they who by deny'd Attempts presume  
To reach the *Starry Thrones*, become  
*Sure Food* for Thunder, and condemn'd to howl  
In (k) *Etna*, or in (l) *Arima* to roll,  
By an inevitable Doom,  
Gain but an higher Fall, a *Mountain* for their Tomb.

---

(a) The *Menapii* were the ancient Inhabitants of *Flanders*.

(b) Homer in his Fifth *Iliad*, because the Hero of that Book is to do Wonders beyond the Power of Man, premises in the Beginning, that *Pallas* had peculiarly fitted him for that Day's Exploits.

(c) *Indomitae prope qualis undas*  
*Exercet Auster, Pleiandum Choro*  
*Scindente Nubes, impiger Hostium*  
*Vexare Turmas, & frementem*  
*Mittere Equum medios per Ignes.*  
*Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,*  
*Qui Regna Douni prefluit Appuli,*  
*Cum savit, horrendamque cultis*  
*Diluviem meditatur Agris.*

(d) Near this Place the Prince of *Conde* gave the *Spaniards* a very great Overthrow, 1648.

(e) He

(e) He bore a considerable Share in the Glory of that Day on which Buda was taken.

(f) He was *Bassaw* of the City, and lost his Life on the Breach.

*Vicem gerit illa Tonantis.*

(g) This was the fatal Battle to the *Turks* in the Year 1687. Prince *Eugene* with the Regiments of his Brigade was the first who enter'd the Trenches, and for that Reason had the Honour to be the first Messenger of this happy News to the Emperor.

(h) This Battle was fought on the 10th of October, 1697, where Prince *Eugene* commanded in Chief; in which there never happen'd so great and so terrible a Destruction to the *Ottoman* Army, which fell upon the principal Commanders more than the common Soldiers; for no less than Fifteen *Bassaws* (Five of which had been *Viziers* of the Bench) were kill'd, besides the Supreme *Vizier*.

(i) The old Name of *Lisbon*, said to be built by *Ulysses*.

(k) (l) Two Mountains where *Jupiter* lodg'd the Giants.



A N



AN

# ALLUSION

To the BISHOP of

## *CAMBRAY'S* Supplement of *Homer.*

*Written in the Year 1707.*

---

By the late Duke of *Devonshire.*

---

**C**AMBRAY! whilst of Seraphic Love You  
The noblest Image in the clearest Light!  
A Love, by no Self-Interest debas'd,  
But on th'Almighty's high Perfection plac'd!

A Love,

A Love, in which true Piety consists,  
That soars to Heav'n without the Help of Priests !  
Let partial *Rome* the great Attempt oppose,  
Support the Cheat from whence her Income flows.  
Her Censures may condemn, but not confute,  
If best your elevated Notions suit  
With what to Reason seems th' Almighty's Due :  
They have, at least, an Air of being true.  
And what can animated Clay produce,  
Beyond a Guess, in Matters so abstruse ?  
But when, descending from th'Imperial Height,  
You stoop of Sublunary Things to treat,  
*MINERVA* seems the Moral to dispense :  
How great the Subject, how sublime the Sense !  
Not the *Aonian Bard* with such a Flame  
E'er sung of ruling Arts ; your lofty Theme  
In your *TELEMACHUS*, his Hero's Son,  
We see the great Original outdone.  
There is in Virtue sure a hidden Charm,  
To force Esteem, and Envy to disarm :  
Else in a flatt'ring Court you ne'er had been design'd  
T'instruct the future Troublers of Mankind.  
Happy your native Soil, at least by Nature so,  
In none her Treasures more profusely flow :

(Plain,  
The Hills adorn'd with Vines, with Flow'r's the  
Without the Sun's too near Approach serene :

But Heav'n in vain does on the Vineyards smile,  
The Monarch's Glory mocks the Lab'rer's Toil.  
What tho' elab'rate Brass with Nature strive,  
And proud *Equestrian* Figures seem alive,  
With various Terrors on their Basis wrought,  
With yielding Citadels, surpriz'd or bought?  
And here the Ruins of a taken Town,  
There a bombarded Steeple tumbling down:  
Such Prodigies of Art, or costly Pains,  
Serve but to gild th'unthinking Rabble's Chains.  
O despicable State of All that groan  
Under a blind Dependency on One!  
How far inferior to the Herds that range,  
With native Freedom, o'er the Woods and Plains!  
With them no Fallacies of Schools prevail;  
Nor of a Right Divine the nauseous Tale  
Can give to one among themselves the Pow'r,  
Without Control, his Fellows to devour.  
To Reasoning Humane Kind alone belong  
The Arts to hurt themselves by reasoning wrong.  
Howe'er the foolish Notion first began,  
Of trusting *Absolute* to lawless Man;  
Howe'er a Tyrant may by Force subsist;  
For who would be a Slave that can resist?  
Those set the Casuist safest on the Throne,  
Who make the People's Int'rest their own;  
And

And chusing rather to be lov'd than fear'd,  
Are Kings of Men, not of a servile Herd.  
O Liberty ! too late desired, when lost,  
Like Health, when wanted, thou art valu'd most ?  
In Regions where no Property is known,  
Thro' which the *Garonne* runs and rapid *Rhone*,  
Where Peasants toil for Harvest not their own ;  
How gladly would they quit their native Soil,  
And change for Liberty their Wine and Oil !  
As Wretches chain'd and lab'ring at the Oar,  
In sight of *Daly's* delightful Shore,  
Reflect on their unhappy Fate the more :  
Thy Laws have still their Force. Above the rest  
Of Gothic Kingdoms, happy *Albion*, blest !  
Long since their ancient Freedom they have lost,  
And servilely of their Subjection boast.  
Thy better Fate the vain Attempts resists  
Of faithless Monarchs, and designing Priests ;  
Unshaken yet the Government subsists.  
While Streams of Blood the Continent o'erflow,  
Redd'ning the *Maeze*, the *Danube*, and the *Po* ;  
Thy *Thames*, auspicious He ! her Thunder tends,  
To crush thy Foes, and to relieve her Friends.  
Say Muse, (since no Surprise, or foreign Stroke,  
Can hurt her, guarded by her Walls of Oak,  
Since wholsom Laws her Liberty transfer  
To future Ages) what can *Albion* fear ?

## 136 *Miscellany Poems.*

Can she the dear-bought Treasure throw away?  
Have *Universities* so great a Sway?  
The Muse is silent, cautious to reflect  
On Mansions where the Muses keep their Seat.  
Barren of Thought, and piggardly of Rhyme,  
My creeping Numbers she forbids to climb:  
Vent'ring too far, my weary Genius fails,  
And o'er my drooping Senses Sleep prevails.  
An antic Pile, near *Thames's* silver Stream,  
Was the first Object of my airy Dream;  
In ancient Times a consecrated Fane,  
But since apply'd to Uses more prophane;  
Fill'd with a popular debating Throng,  
Oft in the right, and oftner in the wrong;  
Of Good and Bad the variable Test,  
Where the Religion that is voted best  
Is still inclin'd to persecute the rest.  
On the high Fabrick stood a Monster fell,  
Of hideous Form, second to none in Hell.  
The Fury, to be more abhor'd and fear'd,  
Her Teeth and Jaws with Clods of Gore besmear'd,  
Her particolour'd Robe obscenely stain'd  
With pious Murthers, Freemen rack'd and chain'd,  
With the implacable and brutish Rage  
Of fierce Dragoons, sparing no Sex nor Age;

With

" Ador'd,

## 138 *Miscellany Poems.*

" Ador'd, in Hell I may in Triumph sit,  
" And Europe to one Potentate submit.

Waking at so detestable a Sound,  
Which would all Order and all Peace confound,  
I cry'd, Infernal Hag! be ever dumb;  
Thee, with her Arms, let *ANNA* overcome.  
Here *ANNA* reigns, a Queen by Heav'n bestow'd,  
To right the Injur'd, and subdue the Proud.  
As *Rome* of old gave Liberty to *Greeks*,  
*ANNA* th'invaded sinking Empire frees.  
Th' Allies her Faith, her Pow'r the *French* proclaim,  
Her Piety th'Oppress'd, the World her Fame.  
At *ANNA*'s Name, dejected, pale, and scar'd,  
The execrable Phantom disappear'd.



Erle



## Erle Robert's MICE.

A

# T A L E.

By Mr. PRIOR.

TWAY Mice, full blythe and amicable,  
Batten beside Erle ROBERT's Table.  
Lies there ne Trap their Necks to catch,  
Ne old black Cat their Steps to watch.  
Their Fill they eat of Fowl and Fish;  
Feast lyche as Heart of Mouse thought wish.

As Ghests sat jovial at the Board,  
Forth leap'd our Mice: Eftsoons the Lord

Of

14a *Miscellany Poems.*

Of BOLING, whilome JOHN the SAINT,  
Who maketh oft Propos full queint,  
Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cry'd  
To MATTHEW seated on t'oth' Side:  
To Thee, lean Bard, it doth partayne  
To understand these Creatures twayne.  
Come frame us now some clean Device,  
Or pleasant Rhyme on yonder Mice.  
They seem, God shield me, MAT and CHARLES.  
Bad as Sir Topaz, or 'Squire Quarles,  
(MATTHEW did for the nonce reply)  
At Emblem or Device am I.  
But could I chaunt or rhyme, pardie,  
Clear as Dan Chancer, or as Thee,  
Ne Verse from me, so God me shrive,  
On Mouse, or other Beast alive.  
Certes, I have these many Days  
Sent myne Poetic Herd to graze.  
Ne armed Knight ydrad in War,  
With Lyon fierce will I compare.  
Ne Judge unjust, with furred Fox,  
Harming in secret Guise the Flocks.  
Ne Priest unworthy Godis Coat,  
To Swine ydrunk, or filchy Stoat.

## Miscellany Poems. 141

Elk Simile farewell for aye,<sup>up TERRA 1691</sup>  
From Elephant I trow to Flea.<sup>1691</sup>

Reply'd the friendlike Peer, I weene,  
*MATTHEW* is angred on the Spleen.  
Ne so, quoth *MATT.* ne shall be er'e,  
With Wit that falleth all so fair.  
Eftsoons, well weet ye, myne Intent  
Boweth to your Commaundement.  
If by these Creatures ye have seen,  
Purtrayed *CHARLES* and *MATTHEW* been;  
Behoveth neet to wreck my Brain,  
The rest in Order to explain.

That Cupboard, where the Mice disport,  
I liken to \* St. *STEPHEN*'s Court :  
Therein is Space enough, I trow,  
For elke Comrade to come and goe :  
And therein eke may both be fed,  
With Shyer of the Wheaten Bread.  
And whenas these myne Eyes survey,  
They cease to skip, and squeak and play ;  
Return they may to different Cells,  
*Auditing* one, whilst t'other *Tells.*

---

\* Exchequer.

Dear

142 *Miscellany Poems.*

Dear ROBERT, quoth the SAINTE, whose Mind  
In bounteous Deed no Mean can bind;  
Now as I hope to grow devout,  
I deem this Matter well made out.  
Laugh I, whilst thus I serious pray,  
Let that be wrought which MATT. doth say:  
Yea, quoth the E R L E, but not to day.



S U.



SUSANNAH  
AND  
The Two ELDERS.

*By the same.*

FAIR SUSAN did her Wifehood well main-

Algates assaulted sore by Leachers twayne.

Now, an' I read aryghte that auncient Song,

The Paramours were Olde, the Dame was Yong.

Had thilke same Tale in other guise been told,

Had they been Yong, (pardie) and she been Olde,

Sweet Jesu ! that had been much sorer Tryale ;

Full marvaillous, I wot, were such Denyale !

> *The*

*The SAME, attempted in a  
Modern Stile.*

~~HAWAIIA~~

**W**HEN Fair *SUSANNAH* in a cool Re-  
Of shady Arbours shun'd the sultry Heat,  
Two wanton Lechers to her Garden came,  
And, rushing furious, seiz'd the trembling Dame.  
What Female Strength could do, her Arms perform,  
And guarded well the Fort they strove to storm.  
The Story's ancient, and (if rightly told)  
Young was the Lady, but the Lovers Old.

Had the Reverse been true, had Authors sung,  
How that the Dame was *Old*, the Lovers *Young*.  
If She had then the blooming Pair deny'd,  
With tempting YOUTH and VIGOUR on their Side,

Lord! How the Story would have shock'd the *Creed*.  
For that had been a Miracle indeed.

WHO need ed bus (siling) gnoY need yuhi ball

say Tresol dhami aed bed ied: ied: ied: ied:

I always doul saw, now I gnoHivam ied:

**B A U.**



# B A U C I S

A N D

# PHILEMON.

Imitated from the 8th Book of *Ovid.*

---

By JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

---

IN ancient Times, as Story tells,  
The Saints would often leave their Cells,  
And strole about, but hide their Quality,  
To try good People's Hospitality.

It happen'd on a Winter Night,  
As Authors of the Legend write;

146 *Miscellaneous Poems.*

Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,  
Taking their *Tour* in Masquerade,  
Disguis'd in tatter'd Habits went  
To a small Village down in *Kent* ;  
Where, in the Strolers canting Strain,  
They begg'd from Door to Door in vain,  
Try'd ev'ry Tone might Pity win,  
But not a Soul would let 'em in.

Our wand'ring Saints in woful State,  
Treated at this ungodly Rate,  
Having thro' all the Village pass'd,  
To a small Cottage came at last ;  
Where dwelt a good old honest Yeoman,  
Call'd in the Neighbourhood, *PHILEMON*.  
Who kindly did the Saints invite  
In his poor Hutt to pass the Night ;  
And then the Hospitable Sire  
Bid *Goody Baucis* mend the Fire ;  
While He from out of Chimney took  
A Flitch of Bacon off the Hook,  
And freely from the fattest Side  
Cut out large Slices to be fry'd :  
Then step'd aside to fetch them Drink,  
Fill'd a large Jug up to the Brink,  
And saw it fairly twice go round ;  
Yet (what is wonderful) they found,

'Twas

Miscellaneous Poems. 147

'Twas still replenish'd to the Top,  
As if they ne'er had touch'd a Drop.  
The good old Couple was amaz'd,  
And often on each other gaz'd ;  
For both were frighted to the Heart,  
And just began to cry ; — What art ?  
Then softly turn'd aside to view,  
Whether the Lights were burning blue.  
The gentle *Pilgrims* soon aware on't,  
Told 'em their Calling and their Errant :  
Good Folks, you need not be afraid,  
We are but *Saints*, the Hermits said ;  
No Hurt shall come to You, or Yours ;  
But, for that Pack of churlish Boors,  
Not fit to live on Christian Ground,  
They and their Hous's shall be drown'd ;  
Whilst you shall see your Cottage rise,  
And grow a Church before your Eyes.

They scarce had spoke ; when, fair and soft,  
The Roof began to mount aloft ;  
Aloft rose ev'ry Beam and Rafter,  
The heavy Wall climb'd slowly after.

The Chimney widen'd, and grew higher,  
Became a Steeple with a Spire.

The Kettle to the Top was hoist,  
And there stood fasten'd to a Joist ;  
But with the Upside down, to shew  
Its Inclination for below :  
In vain ; for a superior Force,  
Apply'd at Bottom, stops its Course,  
Doom'd ever in Suspence to dwell ;  
'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell.  
A wooden Jack, which had almost  
Lost, by Disuse, the Art to roast,  
A sudden Alteration feels,  
Increas'd by new intestine Wheels ;  
And, what exalts the Wonder more,  
The Number made the Motion slow'r :  
The Flyer, tho't had leaden Feet,  
Turn'd round so quick you scarce could see't ;  
But slacken'd by some secret Pow'r,  
Now hardly moves an Inch an Hour.  
The Jack and Chimney near ally'd,  
Had never left each other's Side ;  
The Chimney to a Steeple grown,  
The Jack would not be left alone ;  
But up against the Steeple rear'd,  
Became a Clock, and still adher'd :  
And still its Love to Household Cares,  
By a shrill Voice, at Noon declares,

## Miscellany Poems. 149

Warning the Cook-Maid not to burn  
That Roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The Groaning-chair began to crawl,  
Like a huge Snail, along the Wall;  
There stuck aloft, in publick View,  
And, with small Change, a Pulpit grew.

The Porringers, that in a Row  
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring Show,  
To a less noble Substance chang'd,  
Were now but leatherne Buckets rang'd.

The Ballads pasted on the Wall,  
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,  
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,  
The Little Children in the Wood;  
Now seem'd to look abundance better,  
Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter;  
And, high in Order plac'd, describe  
The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.

A Bedstead of the antique Mode,  
Compact of Timber many a Load,  
Such as our Ancestors did use,  
Was metamorphos'd into Pews;  
Which still their ancient Nature keep,  
By lodging Folks dispos'd to sleep.

## 150 *Miscellaneous Poems.*

The Cottage, by such Feats as these,  
Grown to a Church by just Degrees,  
The Hermits then desir'd their Host,  
To ask for what he fancy'd most.  
*PHILEMON*, having paus'd a while,  
Return'd 'em Thanks in homely Style :  
Then said ; my House is grown so fine,  
Methinks, I still would call it mine :  
I'm old, and fain would live at Ease,  
Make me the *Person*, if you please.

He spoke, and presently he feels  
His Grazier's Coat fall down his Heels :  
He sees, yet hardly can believe,  
About each Arm a Pudding-sleeve :  
His Wastcoat to a Cassock grew,  
And both assum'd a sable Hue ;  
But being old, continu'd just  
As Thread-bare and as full of Dust.  
His Talk was now of *Tythes* and *Dues*,  
Could smoak his Pipe, and read the News ;  
Knew how to preach old Sermons next,  
Vampt in the Preface and the Text ;  
At Christnings well could act his Part,  
And had the Service all by Heart ;  
Wish'd Women might have Children fast,  
And thought whose Sow had farrow'd last ;

## Miscellany POEMS. 151

Against *Dissenters* would reprie, and drop a tear?  
And stood up firm for *Right Divine*; ~~say~~ said I  
Found his Head fill'd with many a System, ~~say~~ and  
But *Classic Authors* — he ne'er miss'd 'em ~~say~~

Thus having furbish'd up a Parson,  
*Dame Baucis* next they play'd their Farce on:  
Instead of *Home-spun Coifs*, were seen ~~say~~  
Good Pinners edg'd with *Colberteen*;  
Her Petticoat transform'd apace, ~~say~~ ~~now~~ ~~old~~ ~~no~~  
Became black *Satin*, flounc'd with *Lace*. ~~say~~ ~~now~~ ~~old~~  
Plain *Goody* would no longer down, ~~say~~ ~~now~~ ~~old~~  
'Twas *Madam*, in her *Grogram Gown*.  
*PHILEMON* was in great *Surprise*, ~~say~~ ~~now~~ ~~old~~  
And hardly could believe his *Eyes*, ~~say~~ ~~now~~ ~~old~~  
Amaz'd to see her look so *prim*, ~~say~~ ~~now~~ ~~old~~  
And she admir'd as much at him. ~~say~~ ~~now~~ ~~old~~

Thus happy, in their *Change of Life*, ~~say~~ ~~now~~ ~~old~~  
Were several Years this *Man and Wife*; ~~say~~ ~~now~~ ~~old~~  
When on a Day, which prov'd their last, ~~say~~ ~~now~~ ~~old~~  
Discoursing on old Stories past, ~~say~~ ~~now~~ ~~old~~  
They went by chance, amidst their Talk, ~~say~~ ~~now~~ ~~old~~  
To the Church-yard to take a Walk;  
When *BAUCIS* hastily cry'd out,  
My Dear, I see your Forehead sprout.

152 *Miscellany Poems.*

Sprout, quoth the Man, What's this you tell us?  
I hope you don't believe me jealous :  
But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;  
And truly, Yours is budding too —  
Nay, — now I cannot stir my Foot ;  
It feels, as if 'twere taking Root —

Description would but tire my Muse :  
In short, they both were turn'd to *Yew*.  
Old Goodman *Dobson* of the Green  
Remembers, he the Trees has seen ;  
He'll talk of them from Noon till Night,  
And goes with Folks to shew the Sight.  
On *Sundays*, after Ev'ning Pray'r,  
He gathers all the Parish there,  
Points out the Place of either *Yew* ;  
Here *BAUCIS*, there *PHILEMON* grew :  
'Till once a Parson of our Town,  
To mend his Barn, cut *BAUCIS* down :  
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd,  
How much the other Tree was griev'd,  
Grew scrubby, died a-top, was stunted ;  
So the next Parson stub'd and burnt it.

A N



AN

# ESSAY

ON

# POETRY,

By his GRACE

*J. O. H. N.*

Duke of *Buckinghamshire, &c.*

*In English and Latin.*



K A

G 5

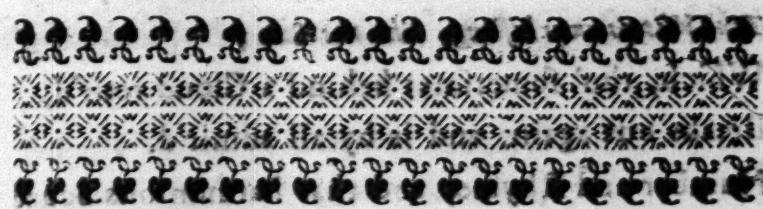
*On the following ESSAY:*

By Mr. WELSTED.

HERE the Young Muse instructed how to sing,  
Forms for the distant Flight her tender Wing;  
As in a Mirror, here, delights to view,  
What Ornaments are false, and what are true:  
Here ev'ry shining Grace and Virtue sees,  
And learns with Pain, and reaches by degrees,  
So when bright *Buckingham* her Charms displays,  
And Envy's self is tortur'd into Praise ;  
There meaner Beauties fix their Eyes alone,  
And by her Dress and Mien design their own.  
All see Perfection in *Zelinda's* Air,  
Copy her Form, and practice to be Fair.  
Her Grace of Shape and Motion still they view,  
While she expresses still some Grace that's new.  
Each Nymph by faint Resemblance aims to please :  
This slides into her Step, that gains her Ease ;  
Some her fine Feature, some assume her Pride :  
All steal *Zelinda*, and her Charms divide.

A N

f



A N  
E S S A Y  
O N  
P O E T R Y.

OF Things in which Mankind does most excel,  
Nature's chief Master-piece is *Writing* well;  
And of all Sorts of Writing, none there are  
That can the least with *Poetry* compare:  
No kind of Work requires so nice a Touch;  
And if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.  
But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,  
To grace the *Vulgar* with that sacred Name.  
'Tis not a Flash of *Fancy*, which sometimes,  
Darling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhymes;

Bright

Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done ;  
*True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun ;*  
Which, tho' sometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,  
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.  
**N**umber and Rhyme, and that harmonious Sound  
Which never does the Ear with *Harshness* wound,  
Are necessary, yet but *vulgar* Arts ;  
For all in vain these superficial Parts  
Contribute to the Structure of the whole,  
Without a *Genius* too, for that's the Soul :  
A *Spirit* which inspires the Work throughout,  
As that of *Nature* moves the World about :  
A *Heat* which glows in ev'ry Word that's writ ;  
'Tis something of *divine*, and more than *Wit* ;  
It self unseen, yet all Things by it shewn,  
Describing all Men, but describ'd by none.  
Where dost thou dwell ? What Caverns of the Brain  
Can such a vast and mighty Thing contain ?  
When I, at idle Hours, in vain thy Absence mourn,  
O where dost thou retire ! And why dost thou return  
Sometimes with pow'rful Charms to hurry me away  
From *Pleasures* of the Night, and *Bus'ness* of the Day ?  
E'en now too far transported, I am fain  
To check thy Course, and use the needful Rein.  
As all is *Dulness*, when the Fancy's bad ;  
So without *Judgment*, Fancy is but mad ;

And

And Judgment has a boundless Influence,  
Not only in the Choice of *Words* or *Sense* ;  
But on the *World*, on *Manners*, and on *Men* :  
*Fancy* is but the *Feather* of the *Pen*.  
*Reason* is that substantial useful Part,  
Which gains the *Head*, while t'other wins the *Heart*.

Here I should all the various Sorts of Verse,  
And the whole *Art of Poetry* rehearse :  
But who that Task can after *Horace* do ?  
The best of *Masters*, and *Examples* too !  
Echoes at best ; all we can say is vain,  
Dull the Design, and fruitless were the Pain.  
'Tis true, the *Ancients* we may rob with Ease ;  
But who with that sad Shift himself can please ?  
Without an *Actor's* Pride, a *Player's* Art  
Is above his who writes a *barro'd* Part.  
Yet *modern* Laws are made for *later* Faults,  
And new *Absurdities* inspire new *Thoughts*.  
What need has *Satyr* then to live on *Theft*,  
When so much fresh Occasion still is left ?  
Fertile our Soil, and full of rankest Weeds,  
And Monsters worse than ever *Nile* breeds.  
But hold, the *Fools* shall have no Cause to fear ;  
'Tis *Wit* and *Sense* that is the Subject here.  
Defects of witty Men deserve a Cure,  
And those who are so, will e'en this endure.

## SONGS.

First then of *Songs*, which now so much abound,  
Without his *Song* no *Pop* is to be found ;  
A most offensive *Weapon*, which he draws  
On all he meets, against *Apollo's Laws*.  
Tho' nothing seems more easy, yet no Part  
Of *Poetry* requires a *nicer Art* ;  
For as in Rows of *rickest Pearl* there lies  
Many a *Blemish* that escapes our *Eyes*,  
The least of which *Defects* is plainly shown  
In some *small Ring*, and brings the *Value* down.  
So *Songs* should be to just *Perfection* wrought ;  
Yet where can we see one without a *Fault* ? }  
Exact *Propriety* of *Words* and *Thought*,  
*Expression* easy, and the *Fancy* high ;  
Yet that not seem to *creep*, nor *shis* to *fly* ;  
No *Words* *transpos'd*, but in such *Order all*,  
As, tho' *hard wrought*, may seem by *Chance to fall*.  
Here, as in all *Things else*, is most *unfit*  
*Bare Ribaldry*, that poor *Pretence to Wit*,  
Such *nauseous Songs*, by a late *Author* made,  
Call an *unwilling Censure* on his *Shade*.  
Not that *warm Thoughts* of the *transporting Joy*,  
Can shock the *Chaste*, or the *Nice* *eloy* ;  
But *obscene Words*, too *gross* to move *Desire*,  
Like *Heaps of Fuel*, do but *choak* the *Fire*.  
On other *Themes* he well deserves our *Praise*,  
But *palls* that *Appetite* he meant to raise.

E L E

# Miscellany POEMS. 159

## E L E G Y.

Next Elegy, of sweet, but solemn Voice,  
And of a Subject grave, exacts the Choice ;  
The Praise of Beauty, Valour, Wit contains ;  
And there too, oft despairing Love complains.  
In vain alas ! for who by Wit is mov'd ?  
That Phænix she deserves to be belov'd.  
But noisy Nonsense, and such Fops as vex  
Mankind, take most with that fantastick Sex.  
This to the Praise of those who better knew,  
The many raise the Value of the few.  
But here, as all our Sex too oft have err'd,  
Women have drawn my wand'ring Thoughts aside.  
Their greatest Fault, who in this kind have writ,  
Is not Defect in Words, nor Want of Wit ;  
But should this Music harmonious Numbers yield,  
And ev'ry Couplet be with Fancy fill'd,  
If yet a just Coherence be not made  
Between each Thought, and the whole Model laid  
So right, that ev'ry Step may higher rise,  
Like goodly Mountains, till they reach the Skies.  
Trifles like such perhaps of late have past,  
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last.  
'Tis Epigram, 'tis Point, 'tis what you will ;  
But not an Elegy, nor writ with Skill ;  
No \* Panegyrick, nor a † Cooper's Hill.

\* Waller's. † Denham's.

## 160 · *Miscellany Poems.*

### O D E S.

A higher Flight, and of a happier Force,  
Are \* *Odes*, the Muses most unruly Horse,  
That bounds so fierce, the Rider has no Rest,  
But foams at Mouth, and moves like one *possess'd*.  
The Poet here must be indeed inspir'd,  
With *Fury* too, as well as *Fancy* fir'd.  
Cowley might boast to have perform'd this Part,  
Had he with *Nature* join'd the Rules of *Art* ;  
But ill *Expression* gives sometimes *Alay*,  
To that *rich Fancy*, which can ne'er *decay*.  
Tho' all appear in *Heat* and *Fury* done,  
The *Language* still must *soft* and *easy* run.  
These Laws may seem a little too severe ;  
But *Judgment* yields, and *Fancy* governs there ;  
Which, tho' extravagant, this *Muse* allows,  
And makes the *Work* much easier than it shows.

### S A T I R E.

Of all the *Ways* that wisest Men could find,  
To *mend* the *Age*, and *mortify* *Mankind*,  
*Satire* well writ has most successful prov'd,  
And *cures*, because the *Remedy* is *lev'd*.  
'Tis hard to write on such a *Subject* more,  
Without repeating *Things* said oft before.  
Some *vulgar Errors* only we remove,  
That stain a *Beauty* which so much we love.

---

\* Pindarick *Odes*.

Of well chose Words some take not Care enough,  
And think they should be, as the Subject, *rough*.  
This great Work must be more exactly made,  
And sharpest Thoughts in *smoothes* Words convey'd.  
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,  
As if their only Bus'ness was to rail :  
But humane Frailty nicely to unfold,  
Distinguishes a *Satyr* from a *Scold*.  
Rage you must hide, and Prejudice lay down;  
*A Satyr's Smile is sharper than his Frown* :  
So, while you seem to *sight* some Rival Youth,  
Malice it self may sometimes pass for Truth.  
The \* *Lassaret* here may justly claim our Praise,  
Crown'd † by *Mac-Fleckno* with immortal Bays;  
Tho' *prais'd* and *punish'd* for another's || Rhymes,  
His own deserve as great Applause sometimes.  
But once his *Pegasus* has born *dead Weight*,  
Rid by some *lumpish* Minister of State.  
Here rest, my *Muse*, suspend my Cares awhile,  
A greater Enterprize attends thy Toil;  
And as some *Eagle*, that designs to fly  
*A long unwanted Journey* thro' the Sky,

---

\* Mr. Dryden.

† A famous Satirical Poem of his.

|| A Libel for which he was both applauded and wounded, tho' entirely innocent of the whole Matter.

## 162 *Miscellany Problems.*

Consider all the dangerous Way before,  
Over what Land and Seas she is to soar ;  
Doubts her own Strength so far, and justly fears  
That lofty Road of airy Travellers :  
But yet incited by some fair Design,  
That does her Hopes beyond her Fear's incline,  
Prunes ev'ry Feather, views her self with Care,  
At last resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding Air,  
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,  
She lessens to us, and is lost at last.

So (but too weak for such a weighty Thing)  
The Muse inspires a sharper Note to sing :  
And why should Truth offend, when only told  
To guide the Ignorant, and warn the Bold ?  
On then, my Muse, advent'rously engage  
To give Instructions that concern the Stage.

### *On the Stage.*

The *Unities* of Action, Time, and Place,  
Which, if observ'd, give Plays so great a Grace,  
Are, tho' but little practis'd, too well known  
To be taught here, where we pretend alone  
From ~~nicer~~ Faults to purge the present Age,  
Less obvious Errors of the English Stage.

First then, Soliloquies had need be few,  
Extreamly short, and spoke in *Passion* too ;

Off

Our Lovers talking to themselves, for Want  
Of others, make the Pit their Confidant :  
Nor is the Master mended yet, if thus  
They trust a Friend, only to tell it us.  
Th'Occasion should as naturally fall,  
As when <sup>\*</sup> Bellerie confesses all.

Figures of Speech, which Poets think so fine,  
Art's needless Varnish to make Nature shine,  
Are all but Paint upon a beauteous Face,  
And in Description only claim a Place.  
But to make Rage declaim, and Grief discourse,  
From Lovers in Despair fine Things to force,  
Must needs succeed ; for who can chuse but pity  
A dying Hero miserably witty ?  
But oh ! the Dialogues, where Jest and Mock  
Is held up like a Rest-at Shittle-cock !  
Or else, like Bells, eternally they chime ;  
They sigh in Simile, and die in Rhyme.  
What Things are these who would be Poets thought,  
By Nature not inspir'd, nor Learning caught ?  
Some Wit they have, and therefore may deserve  
A better Course than this by which they ~~serve~~.  
But to write Plays ! why, 'tis a bold Pretence  
To Judgment, Breeding, Wit, and Eloquence :

---

\* *Philaster*, a Play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Nay, more, for they must look *within*, to find  
Those *secret Turns* of Nature in the Mind.  
Without this Part, in vain would be the whole,  
And but a Body all without a Soul.  
All this together yet is but a Part  
Of Dialogue, that great and pow'rful Art,  
Now almost lost, which the old *Grecians* knew,  
From whence the *Romans* fainter Copies drew, }  
Scarce comprehended since but by a few.  
*Plato* and *Lucian* are the best Remains  
Of all the Wonders which this Art contains :  
Yet to our selves we Justice must allow,  
*Shakespear* and *Fletcher* are the Wonders now.  
Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er,  
Go see them play'd, then read them as before ;  
For tho' in many Things they grossly fail,  
Over our Passions still they so prevail,  
That our own Grief by theirs is rock'd asleep ;  
The *Dull* are forc'd to feel, the *Wise* to weep.  
Their Beauties imitate, avoid their Faults.  
First on a *Plot* employ thy careful Thoughts ;  
Turn it with Time a thousand several Ways :  
This oft alone has giv'n Success to Plays.  
Reject that *vulgar Error*, which appears  
So *fair*, of making *perfect Characters* :  
There's no such Thing in Nature, and you'll draw  
A *faultless Monster*, which the World ne'er saw.

Some

## Miscellany Poems. 165

Some *Faults* must be, that his Misfortunes drew,  
But such as may deserve Compassion too.  
Besides, the main Design compos'd with Art,  
Each moving Scene must be a *Plot* apart.  
Contrive each little *Town*, mark ev'ry Place,  
As *Painters* first chalk out the future Face:  
Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this;  
But change hereafter what appears amiss.  
Think not so much where *shining* Thoughts to place,  
As what a Man would say in such a *Cafe*.  
Neither in *Comedy* will this suffice,  
The *Player* too must be before your Eyes;  
And tho' 'tis Drudgery to stoop so low,  
To him you must your utmost Meaning show.

Expose no *single* Fop; but lay the Load  
More *equally*, and spread the *Folly* broad.  
The other Way is *vulgar*; oft we see  
A Fool derided by as bad as he.  
Hawks fly at nobler Game; in this low Way  
A very *Owl* may prove a *Bird of Prey*.  
Poets so will one poor Fop devout;  
But to collect, like Bees from ev'ry Flow'r,  
Ingredients to compose that precious Juice,  
Which serves the World for *Pleasure* and for *Use*,

In

## 166 *Miscellaneous Poems.*

In spite of Faction this would Favour yet;  
But † *Falstaff* seems unimitable yet.

Another Fault which often does befall,  
Is, when the Wit of some great Poet shall }  
So overflow, that is, be none at all,  
That all his Fools speak Sense, as if posseſt,  
And each by Inspiration breaks his Jest.  
If once the Justness of each Part be lost,  
Well may we laugh, but at the Poet's Cost.  
That silly Thing Men call Sheer-wit, avoid,  
With which our Age so nauseously is cloy'd.  
Humour is all, Wit should be only brought  
To turn agreeably some proper Thought.  
But since the Poets we of late have known  
Shine in no Dress so much as in their own,  
The better by Example to convince,  
Cast but a View on this wrong Side of Sense.

First a Soliloquy is calmly made,  
Where ev'ry Reason is exactly weigh'd ;  
Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes  
A Hero frightened at the Noise of Drums,  
For her sweet Sake, whom at first Sight he loves,  
And all in Metaphor his Passion proves ;

---

† An admirable Character in a Play of Shakespear's.

But

But some sad Accident, tho' yet unknown,  
Parting this Pair, to leave the Swain alone.

He straight grows jealous, yet we know not why,  
And, to oblige his Rival, needs will die :  
But first he makes a Speech, wherein he tells  
The *absent* Nymph, how much his Flame excels,  
And yet bequeaths her *generously* now  
To that dear Rival whom he does not know ;  
Who straight appears (but who can Fate withstand ?)  
Too late, alas ! to hold his hasty Hand,  
That just has giv'n himself the cruel Stroke,  
At which this very Stranger's Heart is broke ;  
He more to his *new* Friend than Mistress kind,  
Most sadly mourns at being left behind ;  
Of such a Death prefers the pleasing *Charms*  
To *Love*, and living in a Lady's Arms.

(these ?  
How shameful, and what monstrous Things are  
And then they rail at those they cannot please ;  
Conclude us only partial for the Dead,  
And grudge the Sign of old Ben Johnson's Head.  
When the *intrinsic* Value of the Stage  
Can scarce be judg'd but by a following Age ;  
For Danees, Flutes, *Italian* Songs, and Rhyme,  
May keep up sinking Nonsense for a Time.  
But that may fail, which now so much o'er-rules,  
And Sense no longer will submit to Fools.

EPICK

## EPICK POETRY.

By painful Steps we are at last got up  
Parnassus Hill, on whose bright airy Top  
The Epick Poets so divinely show,  
And with just Pride behold the rest below.  
Heroick Poems have a just Pretence  
To be the utmost Reach of humane Sense ;  
A Work of such inestimable Worth,  
There are but two the World has yet brought forth,  
*Homer* and *Virgil* ; With what awful Sound  
Do those meer Words the Ears of Poets wound ?  
Just as a Changeling seems below the rest  
Of Men, or rather is a two-legg'd Beast ;  
So these Gigantick Souls, amaz'd, we find  
As much above the rest of humane Kind,  
Nature's whole Strength united ; endless Fame,  
And universal Shouts attend their Name.  
Read *Homer* once, and you can read no more,  
For all Things else appear so dull and poor :  
*Verse* will seem *Prose* ; yet often on him look,  
And you will hardly need another Book.  
Had \* *Bosus* never writ, the World had still,  
Like *Indians*, view'd this wond'rous Piece of Skill ;  
As something of *Divine* the Work admir'd,  
Not hop'd to be *instructed*, but *inspir'd* :

\* A late Author, or turner, that reign'd on this Earth  
20143

## Miscellany POEMS. 169

But he disclosing sacred *Mysteries*,  
Has shewn where all the mighty *Magick* lies,  
Describ'd the *Seeds*, and in what *Order* sown,  
That have to such a vast *Proportion* grown.  
Sure from some *Angel* he the *Secret* knew,  
Who thro' this *Labyrinth* has giv'n the *Clue*.  
But what, alas! avails it poor Mankind,  
To see this *promis'd Land*, yet stay behind?  
The Way is shewn; but who has Strength to go?  
Who can all *Sciences* exactly know?  
Whose *Fancy* flies beyond weak *Reason's* Sight,  
And yet has *Judgment* to direct it right?  
Whose *just Discernment*, *Virgil* like, is such,  
Never to say too little, or too much?  
Let such a *Man* begin without *Delay*,  
But he must do much more than I can say;  
Must above *Cowley*, nay, and *Milton* too, prevail,  
Succeed where *great Torquato*, and our greater  
(*Spencer* fail.



T E N.

H



TENTAMEN  
DE  
Arte Poetica.

---

Ex Anglico Latinè Redditum,  
per J. NORRIS, M. A.

---

Inter Opes varias quæis Mens humana superbit,  
Fert primam reftè scribendi Gloria Palmam:  
Nec genus est ullum, ceu *Fructum*, sive *Laborem*  
*Species*, (Laus magna, at magno Molimine constat)  
Conferri ex minima quod possit Parte *Poësi*:  
Tantùm extat, *Greffique Artes* supereminet omnes.  
Sed procul à me sit Furor impius ille, profano  
*Scriptorum* ut *Vulgo*, Pede si quis claudere certo  
Versiculos possit, *Tinnitique impletat Aures*  
*Barbarico*, sacri dem Nominis hujus Honorem.

Non Vis plus justa calefacti Parte Cerebri  
 Ignea sufficiat, vani quæ ad Fulgoris instar  
 Perstringitque Oculos, medioque extinguitur Igitur:  
 Ingenii auras Vigor, ac Vena æmula Solis  
 Eternum nitet, ac proprio Fulgore coruscat;  
 Nunc rutilum condit Caput inter Nubila, Victor  
 Continuò erumpit, Mare, Tellus, Æthera rident.  
 Quod mihi Verborum, aut Rerum quoque lauta Supplex?  
 Quò Metrum, dulcique fluentes Agmine Versus,  
 Asperior teneras uti nè Vox raderet Aures?  
 (Sunt Vulgi, nec abesse feram, aut præsentia laudo)  
 Si Genius desit, si non infusa per Artus  
 Mens agitet Molem, & se Corpore misceat, ingens  
 Naturæ sequitur ceu Nutum Machina Mundi.  
 Entheus ille Calor percurrit singula, Verbis  
 Major, & Ingenio sublimior, & Genitorem  
 Cælestem referens, Oculis impervius ipse  
 Cuncta aperit, pingitque omnes, neque pingitur ulli.

(Voluptas,  
 Nympha potens, Hominum Requies, Divumque  
 Quas habitas Sedes? Cerebri num credere fas est  
 Angusto Hospitio tantum se includere Numen?  
 Quòve proterva fugis, multum aspernata vocantem  
 Cùm te difficilem, duramque per Oria ploro?  
 Unde redis? Nec opinantem quâ Lege revisis,  
 Intentumque aliò, non dextro Tempore cogis  
 Ad Juga? Tum pendent Opera interrupta, Dies

## 172 · *Miscellany Poems.*

Languent *Officia*, & spernuntur *Gaudia Noctis*.  
Sentio jam — Sed *lenis ades, cohibeque Furorem*:  
*Judicium sine Naturâ torpetque, jacetque;*  
*Hæc sine Judicio tantum est speciosa Phrenesia.*  
*Judicio stri opus est, Partes quod se addit in omnes,*  
*in Orbem,*  
*Quod Mores Hominum, quod Res, quod tempore;*  
*Nedum ut scribendi tenui in Ratione gubernet.*  
*Pluma velut Calami, vel Arundinis, illa volatum*  
*Promovet; hoc acuit Ferrum, Vi, Pondere donat;*  
*Hæc Cordi arreptit, Mensis Ratio occupat Arcem.*

In varias hinc ut describam *Carmina Clastes*,  
Cum Numeris, Pedibusque *suis*, Cœpti exigit *Ordo*.  
Sed quis enim sanus velit hoc decurrere *Campo*,  
Per quem magnus *Equos* † *Venusini* flexit *Alumnus*?  
Illi *Auspiciis* scandas *Helicona* virentem,  
Instruit Exemplo qui *Vatem*, Moribus ornat,  
Legibus emendat: *Mendax* Imitator, ut *Echô*,  
Quid nisi Verborum Formas *manco* Ordine reddit?  
Solenne est, fateor, Seniorum Scripta profanâ  
Complilare Manu, [sic] *Vasa* argentea Servi  
Cùm Furto abstulerint, permutant *Signa*, *Notasque*,  
Proque *suis* jactant] sed quis sibi cui Pudor ac Fron-  
Tam *miseris* Opibus, tam insigni *Fraude placores*?

\* *Divisio Poematis.* † *Horatius.*

# Miscellany Poems. 173

Hoc Jure & Sophoclem totum sibi vindicet Astor,  
|| Oedipodem si tu transcriperis, Autor haberis,  
Quanto is qui memori recitavit Mente Theatro?  
Verum aliquos liquit Vindemia plena Racemos;  
Fas etiam nobis acquirere pauca, refixit  
Desuetudo aliquas, Tempus, nova Crimina, Leges  
Procudere novas; sic Rerum postulat Usus.  
Quid furto hic Satyram, cui tot Patrimonia pascas?  
Cum vix ulla malis sit Terra feracior Herbis?  
Quot nec Nilus alit cum incurset undique Monstra?  
Sed neque, Plebs Vatum, vobis permitto timere;  
Nec vacat, aut Satyra est morientes figere Muscas:  
Destinat his Operam, qui aliquà Virtute merentur,  
In melius flecti dociles, Monitoribus æqui.

\* *Carmenibus* primùm fervent hic omnia, gaudet  
Carmine quisque suo *Crispinus*, *Apolline* nullo,  
Nec Mora, nec Requies, cuicunq; est obvius usquam,  
Ignotum tristemve petens, Discrimine nullo,  
Ense velut stricto incurrit, Vimque *Auribus* infert.  
Hic multos *Brevitas*, *Speciesque* inducit hiantes;  
Verum alias Labor expertis, ac fronte videtur;  
Nec tenerum magis est genus, aut operosius ullum.  
Namque uti cum Filo Gemmas longo Ordine nectis,  
† (Dilectæ Armillas, teretiye Monilia Collo)

|| Pro quarvis Tragædia.

\* *Carmina* proprie dicta, vel *Cantilenæ*.

† *Summa Artis* *Cantilenam* componere.

174 *Miscellany Poems.*

Idendosas Numerus tegit, ac Vicinia; fiat  
 Annulus, hoc unam ostentes, Nubecula quævis  
 Apparet, Vitiumque Oculis subiecta fateror:  
 Sic hili cuncta nitent in Carmine, sorbet; habenda  
 Verborum est Ratio, ut ne arcessit, Locisque  
 Mota, minus propria, aut immodulata, trahantur.  
 Dic̄io sit faciliis, sublimis Carmine sensus,  
 Ut neque serpens humi Stylus, aut Mens nubila capteret.  
 Cum Sensem, cum Verba polveris, altera Cura est;  
 Ut latet Labor, & Gafus ferat Aris Honorem:  
 Tale unum ostendas, & Phyllida solus habeto.  
 Præcipue, & Partes hæc Regula spectat in omnes,  
 Fæda procul fugias, obscenæque Nomina; Scurra  
 Ingenio defectus ad hoc decurrit Asylum.  
 Polluit Ingenium sic Vates nobile, serus  
 Qui sapuit, moriens: sic sparsa Volumina flevit,  
 Ipsius ut credam Censuræ ignoscere Manes.  
 Non quod Circuitu blando insinuata Voluptas  
 Displaceat Senibus, moveat Fastidia Castis:  
 Verum Immundities, tanta est Inscitia, Cœptis  
 Officit ipsa suæ, congestum ut inutile Lignum  
 Obruit inceptas cumulato Formite Flamas.

\* Insurgit graviore Tono gravioribus aptus  
 Materiis Elegus, Virtutis pangit Honores,  
 Ingenii, Formæ Decus; & Solatia Luctas

---

\* Elegi.

Exi-

Exigua; heu! spretos quoties deflevit Amores!  
Nequicquam: nam quæ lenita est Fœmina Versu?  
Mentis inops stolidos, variis mutabilis ipsa,  
Absurdos sine Corde Sonos, sine Mente Figuras,  
(Tetrior haud Stygiis Pestis Caput extulit Undis)  
Ultrò ambit Mulier, Mulier se agnoscit in illis.  
Sed melius meritis Laudi est Censura nocentum,  
Arrogat & Pretium uilis Plebecula paucis:  
Quæ favet Ingenio, quæ Vatem cernit incepto,  
Æterno illam Elegus donabit gratus Honore,  
Cedet Læsa Loco, dediscet Fama Corinnam.  
Sed quò transversum, quæ nunc per devia raptas,  
Improbe Amor? sine me spatiis decurrere cœptis.  
Non equidem in genere hoc vel Vim vel Verba requiro,  
Nostratum hæc Læus est, sed adhuc majore caremus.  
Flumineos quanquam vincas Dulcedine Cygnos,  
Et proprios habens, vel Disticha cuncta Lepores,  
(Qualia plura, brevi peritura, per ora feruntur)  
Si Junctura deest, junctis si Partibus Ordo,  
Altior it sensim, ni Copula quæque priori,  
Ut qui fallenti scandit viridaria Clivo,  
Nitenti in plano similis, simul ardua ventum est  
Prospectum attonito circumspicit ore, stupetque  
Inscius ad tantum se pervenisse Cacumen.  
Hoc Epigramma voces, des Nomen quodlibet illi.  
Non est Artis opus, non est Elegia, quali

Flexisti rigidum, \* Vates divine, Tyrannum :  
 Infensos || alias Proceres, Regemque superbum  
 Colliculo in celebri mansura in Fœdera traxit.

Ut Bellator Equus, Sonitum simul Arma dedere,  
 Huc prosultat, & huc, micat auribus, & tremit artus,  
 Ipsi⁹n⁹ Equitem terret tanquam excossurus in auras,  
 † Pindarica attonitum sic versant Oesira Poetam :  
 Is Furor est Musæ cum implevit Mentem Animumq;  
 Æmulus huc veterum † novus omnia Puncta tulisset,  
 † Pindarici Fontis qui non expalluit Haustrus ;  
 Si non vulgari percussa, heu ! Verba Moneta  
 Detraberent Pretium mansuræ in Secula Venæ.  
 Insanire quidem licet hoc in Carmine ; verum  
 Insanire decet certa, Ratione, modòque.  
 Vehementes Sensus, liquido sed Flumine Verba  
 Lucida procurrant ; sin huc in Parte severus  
 Exactor videar, Naturæ constat, & sensu  
 Hoc opus, Ingenium Campo dominatur aperto ;  
 Et data Pindarica summa Indulgentia Musæ.

\* Cùm neque Mos, neque Lex, torva aut Sapientia  
 Labenti in pejus Satyra succurritur Orbi :

\* Panegyris Walleri Cromwellio dicata.

|| Poema Denhamii Equitis elegantissimum, Cooper's Hill  
 dictum, prope Windsoram, ubi celebris que vulgo Magna  
 Charta vocatur, signata fuit.

† Pindarica. † Couleus.

† Lemma præfixum Pindaricis Odis Couleis.

• Satyra.

Hæc docet Exemplis Animos, dum Pectora mulcat,  
 Venam aperit ridens, & grato Vulnera sanat.  
 Dicta prius non hic repetendum, tollere paucos  
 Contentis solum dilecto è Corpore natos.  
 ' Huic non Eloquium, non lecta Vocabula Cura,  
 Materiam rigidam parili Sermone notant;  
 Ille merum è plaustro jactat Pus, aequo Venenum;  
 Stultus utrisque labor; nunquam hæc te regula fallet,  
 Ut stylus, & cultus, sit splendidus, atque virilis;  
 Leviaque immones commendent Carmina Sensu.  
 Si latrare satis, si rodere Dente canino,  
 Qui Satyrus infami poteris dignoscere Scurrâ;  
 Aut Iram ponas, aut dissimulare memento,  
 Invitus videaris ad hanc descendere Partem,  
 Occultaturi speciem des Criminis dimens;  
 Sic rem conficias tanquam inter Vina jocosus  
 + Arbitr, alta sedent ludentis Vulnera dextra;  
 Sic ubi Rivalem spernis, vel Laude malignâ  
 Effers, imponit Probitas simulata Puellæ,  
 Indivulsa comis hic hæret Laurea || Vati,  
 Stigmate qui Barium mansuro in Sæcla notavit:  
 Ille olim + felix alieno Vulnera, eundem  
 Et Satyris propriis quandoque meretur Honorem.

\* In *Satyræ Verborum & Numerorum Ratio* habenda.

† Petronius.

|| Drydenus celeberrimus Poeta Anglus, in *Satyræ* facile Princeps.

‡ Falso suspectus, Vulneratus, & laudatus ob Poema Sa-  
 tyricum, cuius revera Auctor non fuit.

Pugnus ait humiles si se summittit ad Ursus  
 Serpit humi, indignum, teleres neque commoyeret  
 Jamque opus emensos mediā plus Parte Quadrigas  
 Siste parum; major rerum tibi nascitur Ordo.  
 Ut de Caucasei Jovis Ales Vertice Saxy,  
 Sive Fames jubet, aut Cœli Inclemensia, Sedes  
 Explorare novas, tepidumque invisere Solem;  
 Longum Iter, & Pennis luctantes cogitat Austris,  
 Metiturque Ocalis Spatia, & circumspicit Alas;  
 Mox ubi propulerit Vigor, & nova Gloria cœptis,  
 Indignans Terram repulit, jam jamque videri  
 Desuit, & Nimbos superans latet Æthere toto.  
 Sic, impar licet, aggreditur Musa aspera dictu,  
 Invidiam\* Cathedris, Odium motura Poetis:  
 Illis Ira modum supra est, læsique Vénenum  
 Morsibus inspirant; sed quis succensat æquus  
 Frænanti audaces, dociles meliora monenti?  
 Quid age, & insatis paulum adhuc, Diva, Thaetria.

Principio, veteres quæ præcepere Magistri,  
 Ut Persons, Locus, Res, Hora cohæreat aptè,  
 Sunt hæc nota satis; sed quæ Infornia Legum  
 Observata parum, ad communia Scripta relego;  
 Sat nostros vix tacta aliis monuisse Britannos.

\* Remittit Horatius Demetrium Tigellium ad Discipularum Cathedras.

|| Dīctum de Apibus apud Virgilium.

† Si visum ut solus quid secum differat ~~Altis~~,  
Sit breve, sic graviter commoti; ita flagit ~~U~~lus  
Communis Vita. Noster, cum desit Achates,  
Arcanos gestit Podio omni credere Sensus;  
Nec refert, si sub specie narrantis ~~Amico~~,  
Enarret nobis; fluere ex ~~te~~ Occasio debet,  
Ut tandem miseros cum Phœbus facetur Amores.

‡ Exultat bona Pars juvenilibus usque Figuris,  
Naturam spernunt, spernit Natura vicissim,  
Ipsa suis pollens Opibus, nihil indiga Faci.

His Locus est cum tristem Hyemem, Fluviosque  
Aut Lucum, & Rivos, vel amœna Rosaria pingit.  
Sed cum declamat summus Dolor, Ira perorat,  
In numerum cantat spretus, moribundus Amator,  
Quem non hæc Lapidem moveant? quam flebilis Heros  
Vitam exhalanti cui jam vacet esse diserto?  
Dicta seni in Cymbâ jacit importuna Charon.  
|| Verum in Colloquiis Cornicum Lumina figunt.  
† Tum vera ludit Rabies, Luciferque cachimatis:  
Utque vices variant Pueri super aure canoro,  
Sive habet magis ex compactâ subere Plumâ,  
Illa volat, volitatque, volat volitatque per Amas,  
Iisque reditque Viam rotas, stupet infelix Turba,

† De Soliloquiis; ut brevia, & rara sint.

‡ De Figuris & Metaphoris.

\* Iis Locus est fere solum in Descriptionibus.

|| Object. + Resp.

## 180 *Miscellany Poems.*

Imbubesque Manus, mirata volatile Suber :  
 Mutua sic *Tragici* ludunt ; quis talia spectans  
 Temperet è *Plausu* ! sed quo vos Nomine dicam  
 Naturæ, ac sanis jurati Sensibus Hostes ?  
 \* *Fac, Actor, Rythmo immoriare Tragedia bella est :*  
*Communis Sensus* cùm sit *Scistillula*, mille  
 Artibus ac miserum liceat cùm extundere Victimum,  
 Quæ versant *Furia*, ut mendica *Infamia* vobis,  
 Ut contempta *Fames* placeat ? quæ plurima Turba  
 Ignorant *Olei* quanti *Drama*, atque *Laboris*,  
 Ingenii felix, Verborum Flumine puro,  
 Qui legit *Veteres*, Aulam perspexit, & *Urbem* ;  
 Quin & *Naturæ* rimans Penetralia *Sensus*  
 Eruit arcanos, novaque hinc *Miracula* promit :  
 Ille *Onus* hoc *latus* subeat, speretque *reposci*,  
 Invidiam spernat, *Criticis* medium exerat *Unguem*.

|| Ut restè, ut propriè roget, ac respondeat *Actor*,  
*Socratice* solæ poterunt ostendere *Chartæ* :  
 Tantùm non latuit *Roman Ars*, vix cognita nostris,  
 Ne quicquam obnixis vitiōso emergere *Secto*.  
 Hic tamen, ut *Patriæ* meritos solvamus *Honores*,  
 Dirigit obscuros *Vatūm* & par nobile *Gressus*,  
 Sublimes, quantum non noxia *Tempora tardant*,

\* *Ironice.*

|| *Præcepta & Exempla Dialogorum* è *Socraticis*, Lucia-  
 noque petenda.

† *Shakespear & Fletcher, præstantissimi Poeti Dramati-  
 cici apud Anglos.*

In cultique bebetant Mores, perituraque Lingua:  
 Fessa tamen recreant alienis Pectora Curis,  
 Vel \* *Craffo* excutiant Risum, Lachrymásque || *Catoni*.  
 Nocturnā hos versate Manu, versate diurnā,  
 Spectate interdum, seris legite inde Lucernis,  
 Æra periti Auro, tumidumque abscindere Sôlo.

‡ *FABULA* contulerit multum meditata potenter,  
 Illecti hâc sôla nonnunquam *aulæ* manemus.  
 † Stoica sollicitam neu ludant Somnia Mætem,  
 Ut tibi perfectè *Sapiens*, fortisve, bonusve,  
 Ponatur: Laudi est *Pictura*, sive *Poësi*,  
 Naturæ nescire modum? Facit ille Gigantem,  
 Non *Hominem*, ignotum Terris, & amabile *Monstrum*.  
 Denique tale nihil peperit Natura; subesse  
 Culpam opus est, ut nè immerito cecidisse feratur,  
 Sed *lapsus* Veniâ, & Lachrymis, dignissimus Heros.

\* Nec satis est tota ut recto stet Fabula talo,  
 Scit Scenæ teneræ sua Fabula; divitiis Horti  
 Magnificam exornat velut *Ares* quæque Figuram.  
 Multus & in parvis Labor est; circumspice Partes,  
 Cuique reponet *sua* Veneres, in Imagine primâ

\* Qui nunquam risisse perhibetur, & inde Cognomentum  
 habuit.

|| *Vetitum Stoicis flere.*

‡ *De Fabulâ.*

† Non querendi sunt perfecti Charakteres, Stoicorum in mo-  
 rem, qui nullum omnino Nævum Sapienti suo inessep atiuntur.

\* *De Scenis præcipuis.*

U

182 *Miscellany Poems.*

Ut Vultus signat Vestigia certa futuri.

Nec te pœnitat modulum diffingere, si res  
Suadet, Pars Operæ est non parva litura Poetis.

\* Solliciti plures dicendi ubi *Lamino* ponant,  
(Purpureos longo collectos Tempore Pannos)  
*Personis* faciunt vim, *convenientia* mittunt,  
*Facundè absurdī*; te *Consule* sedulus ipsum,  
Quis *Sensus* foret in *parili* tibi *Sorte* jacenti:  
Quod petis, *intus* habes, *fœcundum* concute *Pectus*.

|| Sit limata licet tenuem *Comœdia* ad *Unguem*,  
Non tamen hic *Operum Finis*; saepe *Actor* agetur  
*Ipse*, docendus ut *Gestum* addat *Sensibus* aptum.  
Si piget ad tenues *Animum* submittere *Curas*,  
*Immitita* ingenuos occident *Sibila Vates*.

† Si nova difficulti *Persona* addenda *Theatro*,  
Non unius effingas ‡ *Crispinum*, ac *Simulator* in  
*Desilias*; *Ales* prostrata *Cadavera* spernit  
*Nobilitas*, *infultat* ferale *Carmine* *Bubo*;  
*Vulgare* est *Monstrum* *Derisor* *ineptus* *inepti*.  
Verum ut *Apes* *pictis* in *saltibus* *omnia libant*,  
*Mel* inde, hinc *Ceras*, & miscent *utile dulci*:

\* *De Luminibus que vocantur Orationis.*

† *De Actoribus formandis.*

‡ *De Characteribus novis ut ne *Comœdia* veteris in modum unum quemvis designent.*

‡ *Pro quovis inepio.*

Personam ex multis sic texas sedulus unam,  
 (Est Seges ampla satis, Vati & respondet avaro : )  
 \* Fert Palmam hic, sensa ut promam liberrima, Miles,  
 Helluo, Vanus, Adulutor, Comes usque facetus.  
 Illo gaudet eques, visus repetitus amatur,  
 Vix anteacta paginæ, vix postera proferet Aetas.

Sæpe & sic Venâ rapitur torrente Poeta,  
 Ingenii ut fatus Personas Flumen inundat :  
 Rusticus Urbani speciem fert, Servus Honesti,  
 Non sua Dicta crepat, subitoque ut Numinis plenus  
 Mario quisque sapit : Nisi quadrant Dicta loquentis  
 Personæ, Risum moveas mihi forte, sed ipse  
 Rideris, Scriptor. Cura ipsa enascitur Error,  
 + Cum Salibus nimius lassas onerantibus Aures,  
 Sedulitate urget, movet ac Fastidia Vates :  
 Exprimat ut Mores Caput est, tum deinde Lepores  
 hispergas parcus, cum Lumine misceat Umbram.

|| Sed quia quos fugiunt Præcepta, Exempla mo-  
 Ecce brevi in Tabula, ne postera nesciat Aetas.  
 Ora Habitusque Virum, nostris quæ Formæ Poetæ ;  
 Inversos Sensus, Scenæ ac Portenta videre est.  
 Lampades ut primum accensæ, ac Aulæa recedunt,  
 Soliloquus longum placido Sermone perorat,

(vebunt,

\* Falstaff, celebris Character Comicus apud Shakesperum.  
 + Modus Dicterioris adhibendus.  
 || Imago ridicula Tragœdia recentioris.

Et tenui eventus cunctos Examine libras.

Conticuit simul is tandem (que Cura Doloris.)

Ad Litui Sonitum fugitans inducitur Heros.

Obvius hic Nymphæ (miranda Potentia Fati !)

Deperit Intuitu primo, rasisque Dolorem

Autibetis probat, & turbati Pectoris Aestus.

Cum subito infelix Casus divulsit Amantes,

Ignotus nobis, (scit Vates omnia) solus,

Aeger, Zelotypos concepit protinus Ignes :

Mox (ut Rivali placeat) juvat ire sub Umbras.

Sed prius & Cœlos & conscia Sydera testans,

Absenti Nymphæ Flamas longo Ordine narrat;

Rivalique suos moriens commendat Amores.

Cum (Monita Jovis) ille supervenit, & grave Telum

Serò inhibet, Casuque Animum percussus acerbo,

Invidet ignoto tam pulchræ Mortis Honorem :

Continuò incensus fumantem corripit Ensem,

Non illum flectet Genitor, dulcisque Hymenæ,

Nec moritura super crudeli Funere Virgo ;

Quin, Heros Ibu, media inter Viscera condat,

Vicit amor Lethi, Plausisque immensa Cupido.

Fortunati ambo !

(Laurus  
Quænam hæc Monstra patem, non his opus humida  
Sulphuræ cum Tædis, dira ut Portenta plentur ?  
Candidus hæc ubi commonui, quidam infit ineptus,

\* Deperit hic Veteres, nos nostraque lividus odit:  
 (Sic Spectatores luimus delicta Poetæ.)  
 † Tun' vitio affectum potes hunc mihi vertere? reQuæ  
 Judicium totâ cùm de Ratione Theatri  
 Vix nisi sana ferat, Studio, Invidiâque remota,  
 Posteritas? Oculos nam quæ Mentesque morantur,  
 Saltator, Cultus peregrinus, Machina præceps,  
 Italic Cantus, puerilis Nænia Rythmi,  
 (Imbecilla nimis ruituri Fulcra Theatri)  
 Languescunt; quid apud seros valitura Nepotes?  
 Quondam etiam illusus redit in Præcordia Sensus.

\* Jam tandem Aonii prærupta per Ardua Montis,  
 Aerium lasso juvat insedisse Cacumen.  
 Secreti hic Epici Divum potiuntur Honore,  
 Luctantesque infâ tranquillo Lumine rident.  
 Quis dubiter cunctas Epico quin Carmine vires  
 Exerat, Ingenio metas figatque supremas,  
 Rerum sancta Parens, cùm post Tentamina mille,  
 Innumeros nissus post Temporis infiniti,  
 † Vix tandem ediderit bimis? facer Horror in ipsis  
 Nominibus, neque enim est ea fas proferre profanis.

\* Object.

† Respons.

\* Poema Epicum.

† Homerum & Virgilium.

Quar-

Quantum *Atlas* Nanum transcendit Corpore, quanto  
 Delirus sapiente relinquitur Intervallo,  
 Tantum inter cunctos extat per nobile Fratres:  
 Fama ambit, *Favor*, ac *Plausus* comitantur eunes.  
 Forse &c in eternâ jacuissent *Secula Nostra*,  
 Inscia quâ fierent Arte hec *Miracula*, vasis  
 Indus uti *Pelago* spectans innata *Carinas*,  
 Si non || *Bosstus* sacros penetrare *Recessus*  
 Ausus, qui Numeri, pandens, quis *Carminis Ordus*,  
 Unde parentur *Opes*, & quâ *Virtute* subacto  
 Semina missa Solo Caput inter *Nubila* condant.  
 Certè aliquis *Divum*, nostro qui consulit *Ævo*,  
 Per *Labyrintheos* texit *Vestigia Flexus*.  
 Strata via est, nemor' carpit *Duce*, & *Auspice* tanto?  
 (Hortos,  
 Quid juvat *Hesperidum*, heu! *divus* *Prospicere* in  
 Si vetitum, ut *scrupi*, ne quæ *Mens* decerpere *Frustrus*?  
 Quis cundas, *Animi* felix, complectitur *Artes*?  
 Quis *Rationem*, *audax* *cans*, superevolat *ipsam*?  
 Ætherumque regit *ceres* *Moderamine* *Cuisum*?  
 Judicium *Ingenio* quis miscuit *Arte* *Morenis*, V +  
 Nusquam deficiens, nullaque in *Parte* redundant?  
 Qui conferre potest quod non \* *Davidis* *Auctor*,

|| *Criticus Gallicus celeberrimus.*  
 \* *Couleitus.*

|| Primævi aut molinæ cecinit qui Fata Parentu,  
† Vel Solymas captas, ‡ vel qui celebravit Eliam,  
Incipiat; sed plura manent, quæ viribus istis,  
Et tenui Venâ nos ut majora tscemus.

---

|| Miltonus. † Tasso. ‡ Spencerius.

F I N I S.



58. 2 M. 2. 0 9

1. *Amara aegyptiac* Lep.  
2. *Amara ciliata* Lep.  
3. *Amara ciliolata* Lep.



2. 1



209 *Scutellaria*

Et iop sialoso sialo sialo sialo  
sialo iop iop iop iop iop iop iop iop iop  
iop iop iop iop iop iop iop iop iop iop iop

Et iop sialoso sialo sialo sialo sialo

